HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIV.—No. 689.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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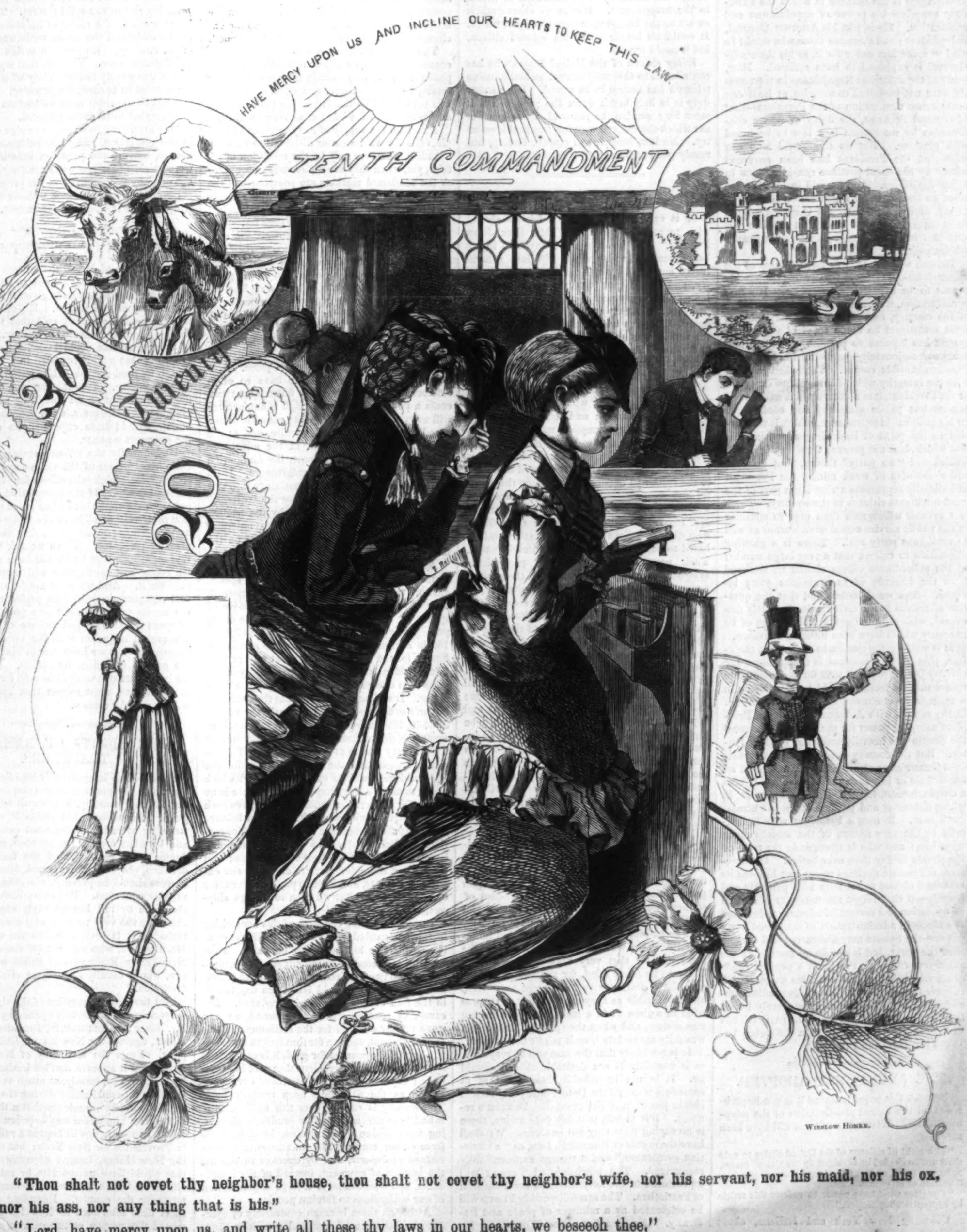

HAVE MERCY UPON US AND INCLINE OUR HEARTS TO KEEP THIS LAW
TENTH COMMANDMENT
20
Twenty
20
W.H.

WINSLOW HOMER.

"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his servant, nor his maid, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is his."

"Lord, have mercy upon us, and write all these thy laws in our hearts, we beseech thee."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, March 12, 1870.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE SENATE.

It is generally understood that there is a coolness between the Executive and the Senate; and the rejection of some of the more important of the nominations made by the President is a sign of a want of the harmony that usually prevails when both branches of the government are of the same party. Events during the late administration naturally exalted the power of the Senate. Undoubtedly it represented the popular will against a bad and designing man, and its action was generally justified. It has, therefore, easily come to feel a certain superiority to the other branches of the government. But it should be wary. It should remember that circumstances are wholly changed.

It is well understood that the difficulty in Washington is the manner in which the President exercises his power of appointment and nomination. He is, like his Attorney-General, independent; and there are those who would be glad to make him suffer for it, as his Attorney-General is supposed to have suffered. Now, many of the stanchest Republicans in the country have not hesitated to criticise at least one conspicuous nomination of the President—that of General Sickles, the delay of whose confirmation by the Senate is a fact to be noted with pleasure. But no thoughtful man can wish that the President had been governed wholly by the usual partisan considerations in filling the offices. And he said in his Message what no President for a generation had dared to say, and what members of Congress are not to be supposed glad to hear, that efficient officers had been retained against remonstrance wholly political.

Indeed, without folly or forgetfulness of the exact situation, General Grant unquestionably means to be a patriotic President. His first consideration, we have no doubt, is the welfare of the country, and to that mere party objects must sometimes be made to yield. But our system has become so peculiarly—and of late years so passionately—partisan, that this is an incomprehensible course. Yet, when pursued with the integrity which distinguishes every act of the President, it is a course which excites the profoundest public sympathy and confidence. In his political independence, which is not carried to the point of imperiling any principle, and which does not proceed from any Quixotic and absurd "no party" theory, that political will-o'-the-wisp of weak minds, the President undoubtedly represents a very large part of the most intelligent citizens in the country. There is a greater willingness than ever to consider in the public service actual qualification as well as vociferous party zeal. There is a growing disposition to believe that a very large number of the subordinate offices should be removed from the hazards of unscrupulous party intrigue. And we therefore find that the question of reform in the civil service is widely discussed, with an intelligence and a sense of its necessity which have been hitherto unknown.

It is well for the Senate to remember, therefore, that if the President is independent the country is so also; and well for the country to reflect that its feeling should be manifested in a manner to command Senatorial attention. In the contest with Andrew Johnson, a President usurping power for the worst of purposes, the Senate was heartily sustained by the country. But the country does not see that President Grant aims either at usurpation or at an unpatriotic or inhuman use of power. It sees a simple, honest, faithful, steady magistrate, in whose character and purpose it has the utmost confidence. It sees a President who is honored by the very nature of the attacks made upon him; and who is stronger in the trust of the people to-day than ever before. If, therefore, the Senate declines to support him—if its members choose to criticise him pettishly and harshly—if they forget the necessity of cordial co-operation to a successful administration, and of success in administration to continued party power—the Senate may dishearten and demoralize the party, but it can do no more. It can not divert from the President a popular confidence which is founded upon his evident wish to serve the country and not to aggrandize himself; and it is therefore to be sincerely hoped that the Senate will not compel its party friends to take sides, so to speak, in a difference between itself and the President.

THE AMENDMENT ADOPTED.

Before this paper is issued it is not improbable that the formal proclamation of the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment will have been made.

> "The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any State, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude.
>
> "Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation."

Counting New York and Indiana, about whose action there is question, thirty States have ratified this amendment. Omitting New York and Indiana, it is ratified by twenty-eight.

This amendment, with the restoration of Virginia, Mississippi, Georgia, and Texas to representation in Congress, formally ends the work of political purification begun by the war. A terrible and fatal wrong was lodged in the national system. It has been expelled, but at what fearful cost! How appallingly the law has been vindicated which links injustice and misfortune! Henceforth the Fifteenth Amendment will remind this country that no man and no nation can do wrong with impunity. Sooner or later the penalty will be exacted and paid to the uttermost.

It is instructive to look at the list of States that deliberately voted against the amendment. It tells its own story. New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, California, and probably Oregon. In New York the party which is dominant in Kentucky and Maryland obtained power last autumn, by means which are notorious, and the real feeling of the voters of New York was belied by the withdrawal of assent to the amendment. It was as characteristic an act as the Democratic party ever performed. It could no longer harm the colored citizen, but it could try to.

Every citizen of the United States who has contributed to this truly American and humane triumph has reason to be proud. His further duty is to help break down the prejudice that must long survive the removal of the ban under which the colored race has lain in this country. No law, indeed, can remove feeling, but manly good sense can.

THE CASE OF FITZ JOHN PORTER.

It is very natural that his friends should wish to reopen the case of Mr. Fitz John Porter. The family name is involved in the heavy censure under which the late general rests; but the facts are familiar to the country, and the judgment of the court has been long affirmed by public opinion. No soldier had ever a fairer trial. He was patiently heard, the facts were carefully weighed, and the verdict was so decided that it is generally understood the penalty would have been very much severer except for the interference of President Lincoln.

Nobody knows, said a very distinguished general in the service, what envy is, if he has not been in the army: and it is not too much to say that the presumption was against Mr. Porter from the first. When it was alleged, after the misfortune of General Pope, that General Porter had virtually refused to hasten to the rescue in obedience to orders, the country had seen enough to feel that the assertion was not improbable. It was the misfortune of Mr. Porter to belong to that class of officers who did not believe in the cause, and who half hated to be obliged to obey the administration. Their personal friendships and professional sympathies were very much with their opponents, and neither the moral enormity nor the political folly of the rebellion were ever comprehended by them. Generals M'Clellan and Buell were of this kind; and had the first remained in command in the East and the last in the West, it is not difficult to perceive what the result of the war must inevitably have been. Is any body expected to believe that General Buell did his best to subdue the rebellion; that he worked as men work whose hearts and hopes are fixed upon an object? And is it to be supposed that General Porter, who was an intimate friend of M'Clellan's, who had been partly superseded by Pope, was so intent upon the defeat of the rebels that his personal jealousies would not affect his action? If M'Clellan had been in Pope's place, would not General Porter's conduct have been materially different?

Such doubts as these, founded upon knowledge of disposition and sympathy, created the general presumption against Mr. Porter. But the verdict against him was rendered not upon presumption but upon evidence. A board of soldiers were satisfied, after the most careful hearing of testimony and elaborate argument, that he had failed in his duty, and failed intentionally. He was tried, indeed, during the war; but for that very reason he was more likely to be fairly tried, for the feelings which give their character to facts were then fresh and intelligible as they are not now. He was tried at a time when a mere technical defense was useless, and when the spirit of his conduct was fully appreciated, as it might not be now.

It is not likely that the case will be reopened, as it certainly is not desirable that it should be. It is not improbable, however, that at some future day, if the Democratic party should obtain power, it might grant Mr. Porter's request. But should that day ever arrive, there is no saying what may not be done. We shall have the merits of Robert E. Lee, as "a Christian gentleman," and a "great captain," fully recognized. The much-injured Toucey will be restored to his lofty niche in the Pantheon of Patriotism. The arms-dispersing Floyd will be celebrated as a minister of peace and fraternity. Our own Fernando Wood, who bewailed his inability to dispatch ammunition and weapons to Toombs, will have a medal struck in his honor as the model Democratic Conservative National Unionist. The mildew of slander will be wiped from the precious name of Twiggs; and Admiral Porter must not be surprised if the glory of the truest patriotism be awarded to Raphael Semmes. When that day comes, but not before, the loyal people of this country will believe that Fitz John Porter honestly and heartily did all that he possibly could do, to obey the spirit as well as the letter of his orders, to help General Pope to win a victory.

THE STATE OF TRADE.

The dry-goods market has been somewhat enlivened by the operations of the two leading houses in marking down some styles of prints, shirtings, and dress goods. Up to this time there was very general dullness; but as it became known that at a certain hour the goods would be opened and sold at a price previously announced, the attendance on each successive occasion was large, and the effort to obtain the articles was spirited. Indeed, such was the excitement at times that sales had to be stopped.

The question has been widely discussed in commercial circles whether this policy was expedient. It is very certain that it will not be resorted to from choice, and equally so that it was occasioned by the fall in the price of gold and cotton, and the want of activity in trade.

Although the supply of forty millions of people calls for an immense distribution of merchandise, whatever may be the condition of affairs, yet, when they are unfavorable, purchases at the sea-board markets are postponed to the last moment. The rapidity with which goods may be transported is favorable to such delay, and this has marked the season thus far.

So far as the West and Northwest are concerned, they still suffer from having their fall stocks undisposed of, and from light collections, due chiefly to the condition of the grain market; and the South, which was here in large force at this time last year, remains in doubt as to the price at which the residue of last year's crop will be sold. It is to be regretted that cotton should have fallen, inasmuch as the activity of trade depended in great part upon maintaining its price. Under the pressure to which we have so often referred, cotton has recently fallen about two cents a pound. As the foreign manufacturer will use twice as much of what remains undisposed of as our looms will require, and as the whole country participates in the advantage enjoyed by any particular part, the diminution in price will be regarded as unfortunate. It introduces a new feature of uncertainty into this season's trade, which is met by the "drives," as they are called, resorted to by the leading houses. Goods will continue to sympathize with gold and cotton, whether it shall be the fate of the latter to rise or to fall.

At the port of New York our imports for the month of January last, exclusive of specie, amount to twenty-three millions and upward, at gold value; while our exports, exclusive of specie, for the same month, which is one of the principal exporting months, are only $12,893,166 in currency. It is too early to obtain the figures for the whole country; but one general fact is evident, that although the quantity of exports is in excess of those of last year, the value is less. It will be recollected that the excess of imports over exports for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1869, was stated by Mr. Wells at about seventy-eight millions of dollars. At the rate of the January excess at the port of New York, it would appear that the total of excess for the last fiscal year will be exceeded—a fact which ought to make a deep impression. There is no escape for us from the tenor of the figures such as the English enjoy when the apparent balance is against them; because they are the chief carriers of their productions out and home, and have the benefit of the freights they earn; and we are not the chief carriers either of our exports or imports, and have to pay a large excess of freights over what we earn to foreign ship-owners.

Instead of feeling the force of this controlling fact, it is regarded with as much indifference as if this balance had never to be paid. This, with other items of indebtedness to Europe, amounts to two hundred and ten millions of dollars *per annum*, and gold falls from day to day in the face of this extreme imprudence. Because, by sending our bonds abroad, we can stave off any demand for the settlement of this annual amount, and can for that reason temporarily control the market for gold, it is considered a great financial achievement that gold has been forced down to the price at which our bonds known as the 81's have been recently held. The country is excited over this exploit, as if it had been accomplished by prudently abstaining from undue extravagance, by a wise reform of our currency, by an excess of *exports* instead of *imports*, and by courage in bearing the burden of payment, instead of the imprudence and wickedness of a large augmentation of our obligations to foreign people.

Although there is much contrariety of opinion in relation to all financial questions, there ought to be none as to the folly and danger of running up a debt every year to foreign people of such huge proportions; but yet it appears from the Treasury report made in December, that it is expected for the fiscal year commencing on the next first of July, that the duties on imports will equal what they now are, which means that the value and extent of our imports shall run on till, at least, July, 1871. As the value of our exports is constantly diminishing, and the industry of the country is very seriously disturbed, there can be no escape from the addition of two hundred and fifty millions of foreign indebtedness, if the present policy shall be continued for the period named. This is but a small part of the penalty we shall pay for an attempt to fund our debt when our paper system is at its full height, and in advance of such an adjustment of our financial affairs as would prevent a severe shock.

Mr. Fenton, in one of the most accurate and comprehensive speeches made this session in Congress, suggests that a scheme of funding after such a great war and after such serious disturbance would naturally *follow* rather than *precede* a return to a solid system. The experiment made in the midst of inflation has powerfully disturbed the whole trade and industry of the country. No one can assign any limits to its continuance. The fact that our financial ease is due wholly to the facility with which we are allowed to borrow, few perceive. The snare may not be apparent until we become too deeply entangled to be easily relieved.

It is gratifying to witness one sign of wisdom in the resolution, passed unanimously by the Senate, against the policy of inflation. If it were possible to improve the currency, the damage done by "shrinkage" in the price of all our commodities would not be without compensation, for then it would be permanent.

THE SALE OF APPOINTMENTS.

The offense of Mr. Whittemore in selling the West Point cadetships was so flagrant that the House should not have given him even the opportunity of resignation. He did not deny the charge. He merely said that the money received had been devoted to charity. Of that, of course, no one could know. But what is known is that a trust confided to a representative to be used for the public welfare has been sold for money. It is the last sign of political degradation that places should be put into the market; and Congress, upon confession of the offense, should have expressed its censure in the strongest manner.

Undoubtedly the offense seems to be less enormous because of the vicious system of our civil service, which sells offices for personal and party purposes. If the money that a man has paid and the time that he has given to the election of certain candidates are to be considered as "claims" upon an office, then they are the price of the office. When we ask "what has this man done that he should have an office?" we mean how much time and money has he paid for it. And we must not be surprised to find conspicuous politicians preferring to have the money paid into their own pockets instead of spent for the general welfare of the party. We are all indignant with the unhappy representative. But we have taught him to commit the offense for which he suffers. So long as we insist that offices shall be sold for mere party service, we must expect that appointments will be sold for money.

THE RIGHTS OF RAILWAY TRAVELERS.

As the time is apparently rapidly approaching when the great railway companies will be our absolute masters, it is worth while for the public to consider what rights it still has in traveling by rail. Under what circumstances, and by what means, for instance, may a conductor put a passenger off the train? That drunken, obscene, profane, and disorderly passengers should be peremptorily removed is universally conceded. But every body who travels much by rail has probably observed that those are the very persons who are seldom disturbed. It is some one like the unfortunate Mr. Dwight, who was put off the cars of the New Jersey Railroad and killed a few years ago, who is usually the subject of this kind of discipline.

But the general question of the rights of passengers has been recently opened by the suit of Mr. John A. Coleman, of Providence, Rhode Island, against the New Haven Railroad Company. From the testimony of Mr. Coleman at the trial it appears that his business compels him to travel constantly, as much as twenty-five or thirty thousand miles during the year; and he has found by experience that a ticket generally carries him either way between two points. About two years ago he bought a railroad ticket in Providence for New York; but upon reaching New Haven, instead of using the coupon that would have passed him by rail from that city to New York, he went by steamer, of course retaining the coupon. Intending to return a short time afterward to New Haven, he presented the coupon at the gate in the station, and was roughly told by the guard that it was good for nothing. Appealing to the conductor, that officer peremptorily agreed with the gatekeeper. Mr. Coleman stated that he was in the habit of using such coupons upon other roads, to which the conductor replied that it was not true, and warned him that if he tried to get upon the train he should be put off.

Mr. Coleman then bought a ticket and took his place, intending to ascertain why the coupon was refused. When the conductor came through the car to inspect the tickets Mr. Coleman accosted him politely, and stated that he was traveling constantly, and was often obliged to diverge from his course; and that, if such coupons were not taken by the railroad authorities, when no change in the rate of fare had been made, the annual loss to him would be very serious. The conductor replied that the coupons were good from New Haven to New York, but not the other way. That he had been instructed not to take them except under such circumstances, and he would not. Mr. Coleman then said that it seemed to him that he had paid for seventy-four miles travel upon the road, or the distance from New York to New Haven, and that he could not see that it made any difference which way he took it. Several of the passengers, some of them officers of other roads, agreed in this view. The conductor said that he should lose his place if he disobeyed instructions; upon which Mr. Coleman remarked that, so far as that was concerned, as he turned in all his tickets in New York, it would not be known which way this was taken.

This remark, although innocently meant, was plainly susceptible of misinterpretation, and the conductor immediately replied, so as to be heard by the other passengers, that Mr. Coleman might as well ask him to steal ten dollars because the Company might not know it. Mr. Coleman did not deny that, theoretically, that was the case; but, offering the conductor his address, and appealing to those around him who knew him, he proposed to the conductor to be personally responsible to the Company, and to screen him from any unpleasant consequences. The neighboring passengers agreed that this was a fair offer; but the conductor harshly demanded another ticket. Mr. Coleman declined to give it. The conductor then said that he should put him off at the first station. Mr. Coleman replied that, in that case, he should pursue the matter further. At this moment, a gentleman sitting near said to the conductor that he was "a railroad man," and advised him, if he thought that Mr. Coleman was evading his fare, to telegraph ahead and have him arrested upon arrival. The conductor replied that they didn't do business in that way upon that road. Mr. Coleman then said that he would submit to a policeman, but not to the conductor and his roughs.

The train stopped at Stamford, and the conductor entered the car with five or six men. He ordered them to pull Mr. Coleman out and put him on the platform. Mr. Coleman passively resisted and a struggle followed, during which he was dragged from the seat with his coat torn, and as soon as he was lifted into the aisle of the car three heavy blows were struck him from behind. Fearing for his life he abandoned passive resistance and struck the nearest man. He was then lifted by main force, carried through the car amidst the confusion of the passengers, the women alarmed and the men striving to prevent the assault of the conductor and his aids. From the platform of the car Mr. Coleman was thrown broadside upon the platform of the station. He had several flesh-wounds, and was severely and permanently ruptured in the struggle.

Mr. Coleman sued the Railway Company for $10,000 damages in the Superior Court in Boston. The Judge charged against him upon every point, holding that the ticket was a contract; that the Company could make its own rules, and that if any of them were broken by a passenger he was a trespasser; to refuse to show the proper ticket was a trespass, and being a trespasser in the Company's car as in a private house, it had the right to remove him by force if necessary, avoiding an excess. The only question was, was there an excess of violence? The jury returned $3300 damages, and the Judge, after several weeks' delay, set aside the verdict on the ground of excessive damages. At the second trial, in the same court, the jury disagreed, being eleven for damages and one opposed; and there will be another trial at the approaching term of the court.

Mr. Coleman claims that a railroad ticket is not a contract, but, like a baggage-check, merely evidence of property in possession, which the holder is bound to return, or its equivalent. He insists that it is as essentially ridiculous for a company to refuse its tickets either way as for the government to issue letter stamps that would not take a letter both ways; and that a steam-car ticket must be considered to be like a horse-car or a ferry-boat ticket, good both ways. He insists that if a company of men build a cotton mill, and he owes them two dollars, and they choose to think that he intends to evade payment, and thereupon order a party of roughs to seize him and throw him about, the company of men will be dealt with by the law, and he does not see that they can take the law into their own hands because they build a railroad instead of a mill. Ought a conductor to be allowed to be judge, jury, and executioner in his own differences with passengers? The law, in fine, should be interpreted, says Mr. Coleman, so that the railroad shall be a convenience for the public, and not the public a convenience for the railroad.

In this case, upon the evidence there can be little doubt that excessive violence was used, and that Mr. Coleman is entitled to recover for the assault by blows in the car, and for the consequence of the personal defense which that assault required. As for the other questions involved, some kind of judicial interpretation is clearly desirable. Is a railroad ticket a contract? Are the rights of a railroad company in a car those of a man in his own house? Are they any other than those of a landlord in a hotel? May the landlord's clerk order a person to be thrust into the street because a reasonable question arises between them? May a railroad company make rules at pleasure, and empower a subordinate agent to interpret and enforce them at discretion? Since the Legislature limits the fare that may be charged for every mile of travel, why should it not determine the very point involved in this suit, whether between two stations upon a road a ticket should not be good either way?

This case and the experience of travelers readily suggest many similar questions, to which some final answer should be given. Railroad companies must, of course, be allowed to make rules for the management of their roads. But these rules should always be reasonable, and plainly for the public convenience. And it is to juries, not to railroad companies, that the public must look for protection against the despotism and the insolence of railway management. In bringing and contesting this action against a great railway company, Mr. Coleman seeks the settlement of questions in which we are all interested. It is true that the essential point might have been brought to a legal decision by his peaceful submission to ejection, *pro forma*. But those who have had differences with many of the agents of railway companies will easily understand that his conduct was not unnatural. We shall watch the trial with great interest, and keep our readers advised of its issue.

PERSONAL PROVOCATION.

The *World*, alluding to our remark that under personal provocation it had branded some of the Ring by name as corrupt, says:

> "*Harper's Weekly* is carefully unjust. We have no personal quarrel, we have had no 'personal provocation,' for we have had no dealings, with the Ring. We have neither asked, nor desired, nor had favors from the Ring, nor the Ring from the *World*. Will *Harper's Weekly* correct its misrepresentations?"

We should be very sorry to be unjust, still more to be carefully or maliciously unjust. But there may be personal provocation other than that of the kind mentioned by the *World*, nor was that the kind we had in view. We were thinking of the assertion made by the organ of the Ring that the editor of the *World* did not vote for the candidates of his party—an assertion which provoked a pointed answer, as if it were felt to be an attack quite beyond the pale of lawful political difference of opinion. It was an attempt to represent the editor of the *World* as personally a hypocrite, or a man who pretended to be a Democrat in his paper but who did not prove his Democracy at the polls. This was a personal provocation, and in repelling it the *World* branded by name certain members of the Ring as corrupt.

Of course we do not suppose that this occasioned the hostility of the *World* to the Ring. But certainly it did not diminish it, and, except for that personal provocation, we have as yet no evidence in the *World's* articles against the Ring that it would have stigmatized any of the members by name, more than the Judges, who, it says, sell justice for a price.

This may be a misconception, but it certainly is not careful injustice, which is malicious misrepresentation.

NOTES.

The *Times*, with singular carelessness, accuses General Badeau of making "an extraordinary mistake" in his article in "Our Relations with England," in the March number of *Harper's Magazine*. In speaking of the comments of the English papers upon the President's Message, General Badeau quotes from the Tory journals, and the *Times* and *News*, and then from the *Spectator*, which he says, in a quotation, circulates among the class which was most unfriendly to America during the war. In making this statement, we suppose that General Badeau asserts nothing new. The *Spectator* was certainly very friendly to us; but its readers, of whom Mr. Gladstone was the type, were certainly not. The *News* and the *Star* we suppose to be the only English journals that may be said to have circulated among those who were friendly to America during the war.

There is one very touching line in the letter which Salnave wrote just before his death. He was tried at three o'clock and shot at six, and a quarter of an hour was given him to arrange his affairs. He used the time in writing a letter, giving directions about various bequests. "Give to Madame St. Just $2000, to Aglace $1000, to the daughter of Mr. Laforet $2000, to my mother $1000, to Flora $3000; *and tell all my little sons never to meddle with the politics of the country.*" It is a strange, sad, far-away echo of Cardinal Wolsey's adjuration to the young Cromwell: "I charge thee, fling away ambition." In both cases they are the words of utterly despairing men.

Every honest man in the country will rejoice that Congress has abolished the wretched habit of permitting members to print, as speeches delivered upon the floor, essays which may contain the most false and indecent statements, which involve the honor of Congress as having permitted to be spoken. The occasion was the publication in the *Globe* of a speech of the repudiator Mungen, a member who apparently represents the worst spirit and tendency of the Democratic party, to which he belongs. Its attacks upon the President and Secretary of State, and upon Senator Sumner, were most gross and inexcusable. Mr. Mungen's subsequent defense of his printed speech, upon the floor, was hardly less offensive. We observe that the Washington correspondent of the *World*, in alluding to the subject, speaks of the motion to prohibit the publication of unspoken essays as an advertisement of Mungen's speech. Would the *World* have had nothing done? Because the particular case which moved Congress to action was so outrageous, ought no action to have been taken because the case must be cited? It is not a party question, it is a matter of common decency, which the correspondence of the *World* should have condemned as swiftly and strongly as that of any Republican paper.

In the debate upon the admission of Senator Revels, of Mississippi, Senator Nye made some earnest and eloquent remarks upon the change in the condition of the colored population. Senator Garrett Davis, of Kentucky, replied that if his friend from Nevada did not count upon the vote of that population he would not so warmly praise them; and Mr. Davis then produced the celebrated final argument of the Democratic party in the great debate upon equal rights, and remarked that he did not believe Senator Nye ever accompanied a black Dinah to a place of amusement. When Mr. Douglas urged this masterly argument, in his famous debate with Mr. Lincoln, in Illinois—a debate which had the double effect of electing Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency and of showing to the country how immensely overrated Mr. Douglas was—Mr. Lincoln replied that he was so dull that he could not possibly see why a colored man should not have his rights because he himself might not wish to marry a colored woman. If Senator Nye had thought it worth while thrice to slay the slain, he would probably have answered Mr. Davis's forcible plea by remarking that there were a great many white Dinahs, also, whom he would not care to accompany to a place of amusement.

A very valuable companion to the reader of the Bible, and of books of travel in the East, is a beautiful chromo-lithograph, made in Berlin from the design of Professor W. H. Perrine, of Lansing, Michigan. It is "A General Landscape View of the Holy Land, or Palestine in Perspective," representing every part and point of the country in proper relation. It is done apparently with the utmost care and accuracy, and gives a vivid and very satisfactory impression of the topography of the country. It is accompanied by a very full key, and, in the Biblical studies of Sunday-school classes, it will be the most delightful interpreter; while it is well worthy general attention for the skillfulness of the design and the masterly execution.

Among the most entertaining of recent books is Miss Mitford's "Life and Letters," published by the Harpers, full of sketches of the distinguished literary characters of the last half century in England. It is also a very touching story of the devotion of a daughter to a worthless parent. Dr. Mitford, the father, was one of the good-natured fellows who ask only to have their own way, and who bring sorrow and ruin upon wife and children with the best intention in the world. It is only their confounded luck. Dr. Mitford squandered his wife's fortune and another which he won in a lottery, and, while his wife was pinching and his daughter writing for bread in the country, devoted himself diligently to playing cards in town. A more worthless gentleman has not lately appeared in literature, and the reader is continually grieved by Miss Mitford's blind idolatry of such a reprobate. The reader, too, will be surprised to find that Miss Mitford did so much literary work which has wholly perished. Her letters, however, which are here preserved, are much the best part of her writing; always lively, and often sparkling, with dashes of sudden enthusiasm for persons as suddenly chilled, and with a certain British propriety of tone and subdued delight in the peerage which are very amusing. With all this, however, there is a fidelity and simplicity of character, and a patient conscientious industry, which are most attractive. The book grows sober as it proceeds; but the reader's respect for the writer increases, and he turns the last pages with sad admiration.

Another pleasant book is "A Day by the Fire," a series of Leigh Hunt's essays collected for the first time, and, as we presume from the initials, by Mr. J. E. Babson, who did a similar service for Charles Lamb about six years ago, and made the delightful volume "Eliana." The light, happy touch of Leigh Hunt falls in this little book, published by Messrs. Roberts Brothers, as a companion of "The Seer," upon sirens and mermaids and fairies, nymphs and tritons and genii, with a miscellany of other topics, and always with the familiar dainty elegance and scholarship and blithe humor.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

February 21.—In the Senate, a joint resolution was introduced, declaring the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment by the requisite number of States. The case of Fitz John Porter came up on a resolution of Mr. Chandler calling on the President for the correspondence on the subject. The Senator made a long speech, in which he expressed the hope that the proceedings of the court-martial would not be interfered with. He was replied to by General Wilson, who favored a new trial, and the matter was finally disposed of by the withdrawal of the resolution. A resolution was agreed to that no undelivered speech should be printed in the *Globe*.—In the House, a large number of bills were introduced, among which were the following: To make it a misdemeanor to fit out ships of war constructed for a foreign power to coerce the people of a colony who are in armed insurrection; to enforce the rights of citizens to vote in the various States who have heretofore been denied the right by reason of race, color, or previous condition of servitude; to remove political disabilities in States ratifying the Fifteenth Amendment; to abolish the office of Pension Agent, and to pay pensions through postmasters; to reduce the income tax to three per cent. and exempt $2000; to increase the tax on distilled spirits $1 per gallon; and to equalize the distribution of the national banking currency. The resolution of Mr. Loughridge calling for the introduction of a bill to increase the currency $50,000,000 was adopted by a yea and nay vote of 110 to 74. The Senate bill relieving some five hundred persons in various States from political disabilities was reported from Committee, and the House bill, containing some two thousand names, was offered as an amendment. A long discussion ensued, which resulted in the adoption of the amendment, and the passage of the bill by the requisite two-thirds majority.

February 22.—In the Senate, a bill was reported to reform the Civil Service, providing for the appointment by the President of a Board of nine Commissioners to prescribe the qualifications of certain office-holders, arranging for competitive examinations, and instituting other measures of reform.—In the House, a resolution was adopted censuring Mr. Mungen, of Ohio, for inserting in a recent number of the *Globe* an undelivered speech of such a character as to amount to an abuse of the privileges and a violation of the rules of the House.

February 23.—In the Senate, the credentials of Mr. Revels, the colored Senator elect from Mississippi, were presented and made the subject of a long debate on the question of their regularity. No action was taken.—In the House, four of the members elect from Mississippi took the oath of office. The case of Mr. Whittemore, charged with selling cadetship, was taken up; but at the request of General Butler and Mr. Whittemore action was deferred until the following day.

February 24.—In the Senate, the case of Mr. Revels was again debated without result. A resolution against a currency expansion was agreed to without a division.—In the House, the first business of the day was the case of Mr. Whittemore. The accused member was proceeding to reply to the charges made against him, when he was interrupted by the Speaker, who announced that copies of telegrams containing the resignation of Mr. Whittemore, together with its acceptance by the Governor of South Carolina, had been received, and it was a question whether the gentleman could be allowed to proceed, he being no longer a member of the House if his resignation was proper. A long discussion ensued upon the right of a member to resign without consent of the House. Finally it was decided that the resignation was effective; the resolution of expulsion was tabled, and a resolution of condemnation, declaring Mr. Whittemore unworthy of his seat, was unanimously adopted.

February 25.—In the Senate, the credentials of General Ames, Senator elect from Mississippi, were presented and referred. The discussion in regard to the admission of Mr. Revels was resumed and concluded, the oath was administered to him, and he took his seat.—In the House, bills were introduced to encourage the building of iron steamships, and to establish a system of national education.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

On Friday, February 25, a train on the Mississippi Central Railroad ran through a trestle bridge near Oxford, Mississippi, demolishing the baggage, express, and four passenger cars, and killing and maiming a large number of passengers. Twenty-one dead bodies were taken from the wreck. The trestle through which the train ran is forty feet high, and the accident was caused by a loose rail throwing the cars off the track after the locomotive had passed over.

On the 23d of February the President signed the bill for the admission of Mississippi to representation to Congress. Of the four Representatives who were sworn in, two had been officers in the Union army and two in the rebel service. General Barry, the Representative elect from the Third District, is absent in consequence of wounds received in an affray during the canvass.

General Reynolds, Military Governor of Texas, has officially notified General Sherman of the ratification of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution by the Legislature of that State.

In the Senate of the New York Legislature, a bill providing for the election of the Judges of the Court of Appeals and Court of Common Pleas in New York has been reported; and a bill to amend the Excise law has been passed by a small majority.

Hon. William H. Seward has returned from his long trip through Alaska, California, Mexico, and Cuba. His health has been much benefited by the journey.

FOREIGN NEWS.

According to a dispatch from Rome, several American ecclesiastics have been expelled from that city, with others, for corresponding with newspapers on subjects connected with the Œcumenical Council.

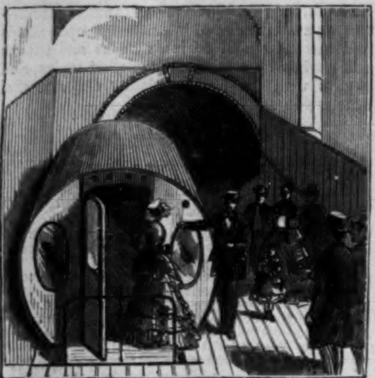
A bill to close shops on Sunday in London has been introduced in the House of Lords. It was stated in support of the bill that 10,000 shops were open on Sunday in that city. Those against it say it would deprive working-people of recreation.

Baron Von Beust, the Austrian Prime Minister, attended a banquet given on Washington's birthday by the American Minister at Vienna, and made a neat speech in English.

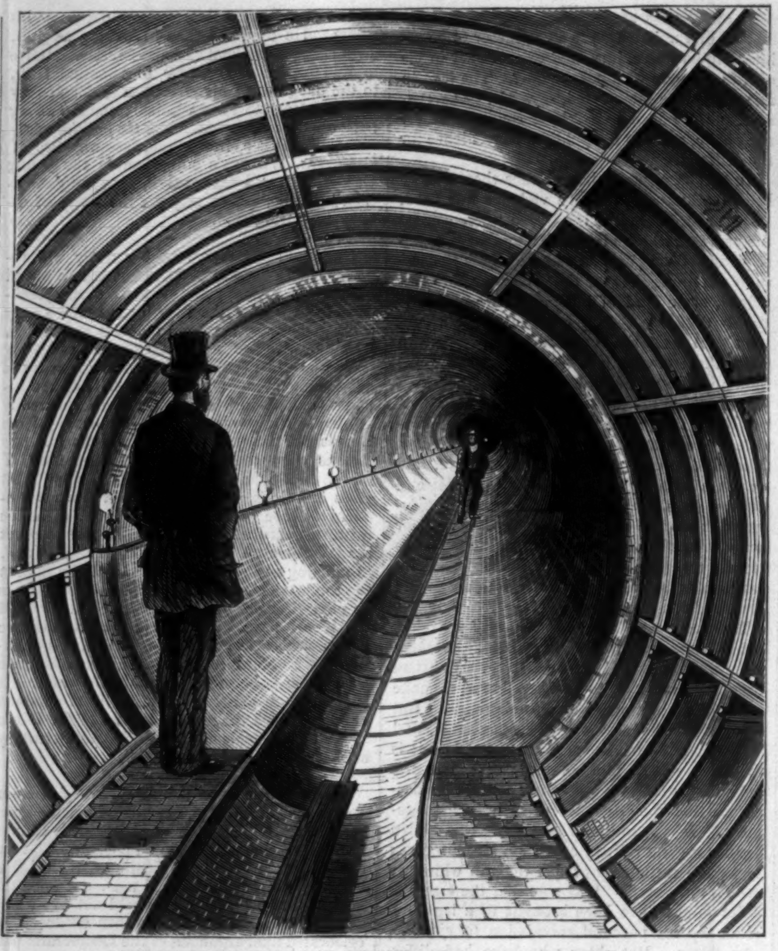
The ill health of Mr. Bright causes great anxiety in England.

A report having been circulated that the Emperor of France had become dissatisfied with his Ministry because of their inability to reconcile the differences in the Legislature on the question of discontinuing the system of official candidates for Deputies, it is officially represented that the Emperor has declared that his relations with his Ministers are entirely harmonious, and that he believes they have the sympathy of every honest Frenchman.

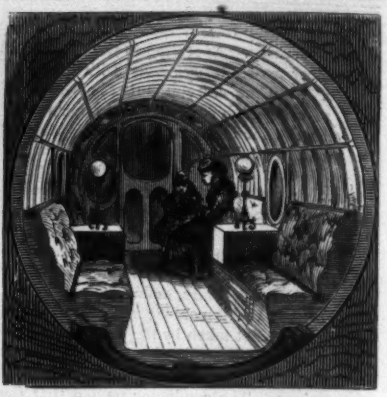
The Duke of Montpensier has published a letter denying that he is a pretender to the Spanish throne, and asserting that he desires only to be considered a Spanish citizen, and longs for a definite Constitution.



UNDER BROADWAY—A PASSENGER STATION.



UNDER BROADWAY—THE TUNNEL.—[Sketched by Stanley Fox.]



UNDER BROADWAY—INTERIOR OF PASSENGER CAR.

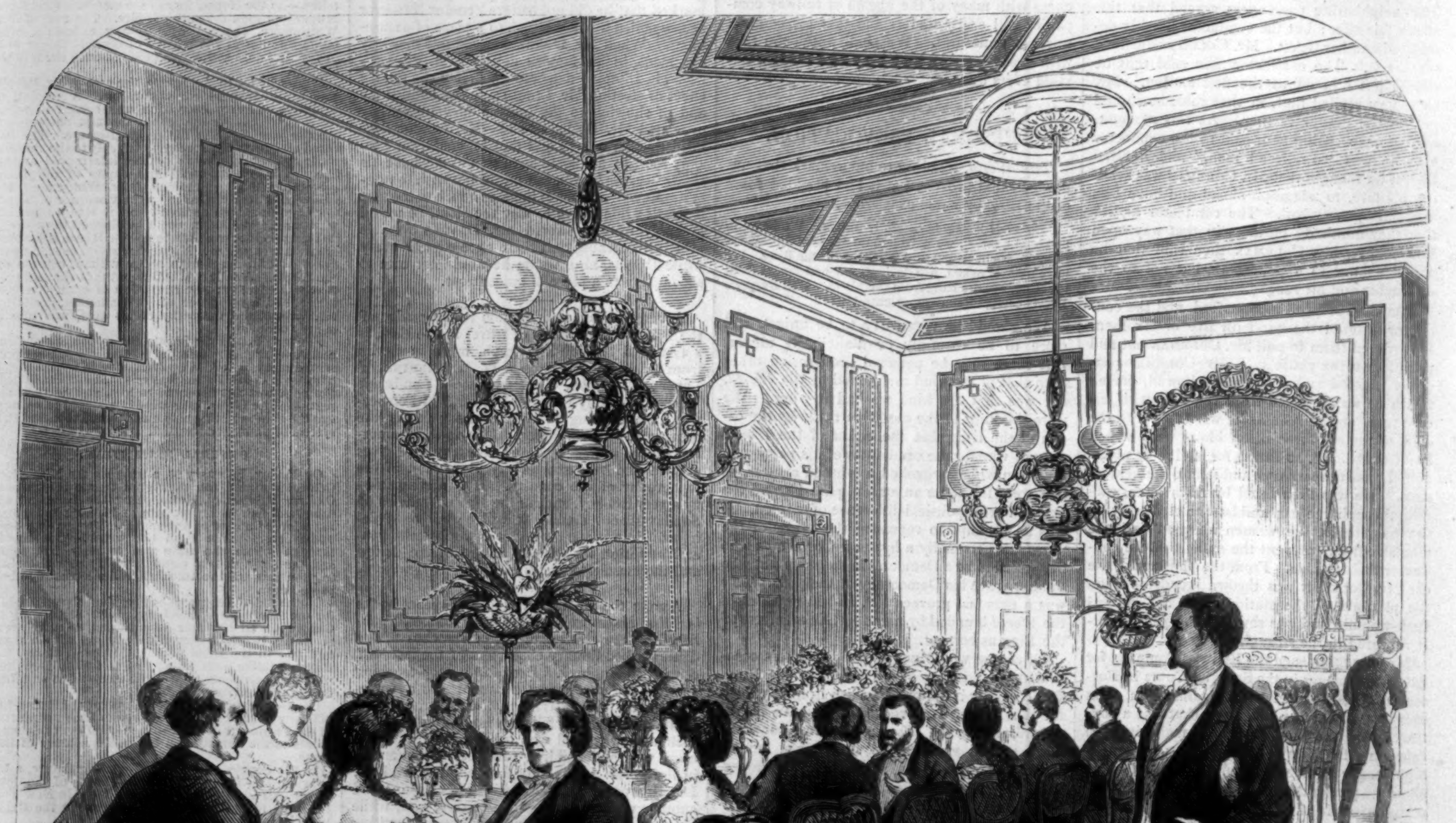
UNDER BROADWAY.

The Pneumatic Tunnel, now in process of construction under the principal thoroughfare of New York, commences in the sub-basements of the spacious marble building of Develin & Co., corner of Broadway and Warren Street, and extends, at present, to a point a little below Murray Street. One of our illustrations on this page gives an interior view of the tunnel, looking south from near the entrance. It is eight feet in diameter, built of solid masonry, is dry and clean, painted white, and lighted with gas. The tunnel passes under all the gas and water pipes and sewers; but, though so far below the surface of the street, the rumbling of wheels and the tramp of horses overhead can be distinctly heard by one standing within it.

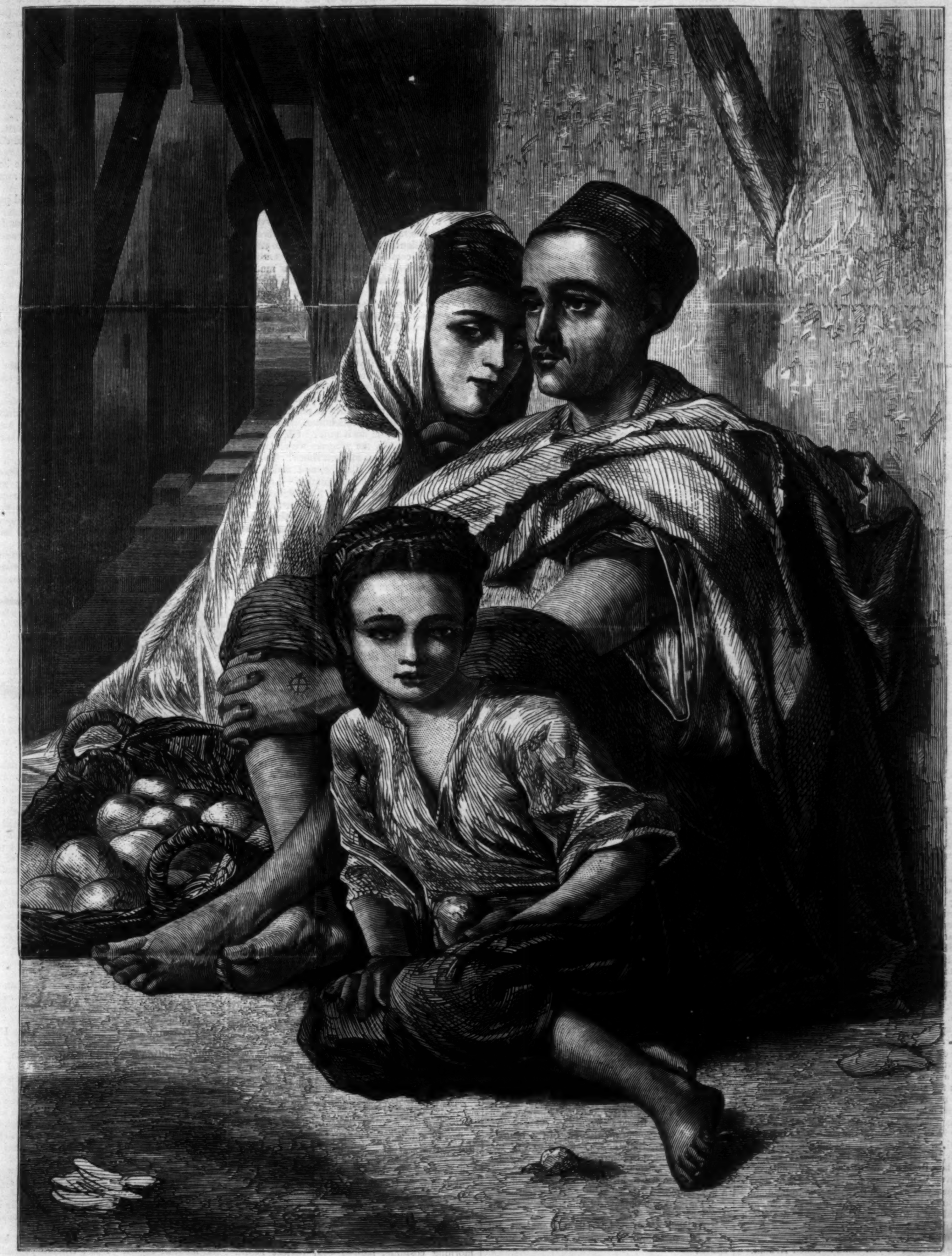
The tunnel is constructed by means of a shield, consisting of a strong cylinder, something like a barrel with both heads taken out. It is pushed forward by eighteen powerful hydraulic rams, and makes a bore of its own diameter through the sand. The loosened sand, as it falls through the rear end of the cylinder, is carried back through the tunnel in cars, and delivered upon an elevator on Warren Street, where it is raised to the pavement and carted away. As fast as the cylinder advances, the tunnel is arched with masonry. By means of this machine, which was designed by Mr. A. E. Beach, the tunnel is pushed forward without any interruption to the business of Broadway.

Another of our illustrations shows the mouth of the tunnel and a passenger car, as seen from the station, which is a nicely-finished underground apartment 120 feet in length, lighted from the Warren Street sidewalk. Another illustration shows the interior of the passenger car, which carries eighteen passengers, has very comfortable seats, and is lighted with oxyhydrogen gas. The cars are to be propelled by the atmospheric system, consisting in driving through the tunnel a strong blast of air, which presses against the rear of the car and carries it along like a sailboat before the wind. This air current of course secures perfect ventilation within the car. The air is driven into the tunnel by means of an immense blowing engine operated by steam. Mr. Joseph Dixon, long known for his efforts to establish the underground railway, is the superintendent of the work.

As soon as the necessary authority can be obtained from the Legislature, it is the intention of the Company to proceed to construct a first-class underground railway, with large cars, to run from South Ferry under Broadway to Cen-



A STATE DINNER AT THE WHITE HOUSE.—From a Sketch by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 165.]



KABYLE ORANGE SELLERS, ALGERIA.

tral Park, and above that point; together with a Fourth Avenue branch to Harlem River. They will be able, when their arrangements are complete, to transport more than twenty thousand passengers per hour each way.

STATE DINNER AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

It has always been the custom of our Presidents to give, during the winter, a series of state dinners at the White House, to which members of the Diplomatic Corps, Senators and Congressmen, members of the Cabinet, and other gentlemen of official position are invited. The table is generally spread for thirty-four guests, and, as may be seen from our illustration on page 164, is elegantly and sumptuously furnished. The flowers that form one of the principal ornamental attractions on these occasions are furnished from the conservatory of the White House.

KABYLE ORANGE SELLERS, ALGERIA.

The picturesque figures grouped in our illustration on this page are faithful representatives of the Kabyles, a gallant people of Algeria, who call themselves by names which signify *noble* and *free*. Under the brave and intelligent leadership of ABD-EL-KADER they for a long time bade defiance to the military skill of the French marshals; but the stubborn aborigines were conquered at last, and their redoubtable leader swore fealty to France. The Kabyles, as may be perceived from our illustration, have intelligent countenances, though they have never shown any tendency to rise above their original level. Their language is so poor as to be without the conjunction, a part of speech that is very necessary if you want to construct an intelligible sentence, and they are obliged to borrow from the Arabic all words of religious or scientific significance. In the country their dwellings are of the roughest order; cabins made of the branches of trees, plastered over with mud. Their dress is coarse and scanty. As to their religion, little is known about it, for they carefully keep strangers at a distance; but, like most ignorant races, they have a prodigious veneration for their priests, who profess to work miracles. The origin of this curious race of people has never been investigated; but there is one tribe among them with blue eyes and fair hair and complexion, who are thought to be descendants of the Vandals.

The city of Algiers, where this Kabyle family are waiting for somebody to buy their oranges, rises white on the side of a steep hill, above a sapphire bay; and the summit of the hill is crowned by a citadel. Its streets are narrow and filthy; but this the French occupants are gradually amending, having actually taken down the principal mosque in order to get space for their official edifices. Many of the other mosques, which are chiefly octagonal buildings of marble, have been turned into churches. Fountains and baths are plentiful. Before the French took possession there were few shops, and still the greater part of the business is done in the bazars, quite in the Oriental fashion. There may you purchase silken shawls and leather slippers, enameled brooches and bracelets, curious work in opal and onyx and amber, from cross-legged merchants who might have stepped straight out of the "Arabian Nights." Sinbad the Sailor, opulent with his ivory and diamonds, Aladdin in quest of his lost lamp, are to be seen any day in the Algiers bazar. Cross the narrow street: lo, a café of a thousand columns, marble tables, gilded mirrors, Frenchmen playing dominos and drinking absinthe. You can have as good a dinner as if you were in Paris itself; and there is an opera, of course. Thus do extremes meet, where Europe's highest civilization encounters the languid, stagnant, sleepy life of Africa.

BEYOND THIS PRESENT.

"We measure life by years and tears," he said:
"We live a little; then life leaves us dead,
And the long grass grows greenly overhead."

The years pass on, some swiftly and some slow;
Each takes a little from red summer's glow;
Each gives a little of white winter's snow.

Forever more and more they take and add;
We lose the things that used to make us glad;
We keep but those that make us slow and sad.

Hot tears well up from out the fountain heart;
We wipe them off with proud resentful start:
Alas, our pride heals not their bitter smart!

The eye is but the surface; deep and wide
Abides beneath the source of their salt tide:
The *heart* must rest ere that full flow be dried.

As on its hinges swings the door of Time,
We catch sweet glimpses of a land sublime,
Filled with the goldenness of Heaven's prime.

And One stands up; oh, fair and full in sight,
With clear true words He calls us day and night!
Help us, O God, to see and hear aright!

For if we see Him, we shall see Thee too;
And if we hear Him, He will tell us true,
And fill our hands with some blest work to do.

And then both years and tears shall surely cease:
Time to Eternity shall make increase;
And smiles shall beautify an endless peace.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SIXTH.

DROPPED.

Sir Patrick made a bad breakfast. Blanche's absence fretted him, and Anne Silvester's letter puzzled him.

He read it, short as it was, a second time, and a third. If it meant any thing, it meant that the motive at the bottom of Anne's flight was to accomplish the sacrifice of herself to the happiness of Blanche. She had parted for life from his niece for his niece's sake! What did this mean? And how was it to be reconciled with Anne's position—as described to him by Mrs. Inchbare during his visit to Craig Fernie?

All Sir Patrick's ingenuity, and all Sir Patrick's experience, failed to find so much as the shadow of an answer to that question.

While he was still pondering over the letter, Arnold and the surgeon entered the breakfast-room together.

"Have you heard about Blanche?" asked Arnold, excitedly. "She is in no danger, Sir Patrick—the worst of it is over now."

The surgeon interposed before Sir Patrick could appeal to him.

"Mr. Brinkworth's interest in the young lady a little exaggerates the state of the case," he said. "I have seen her, at Lady Lundie's request; and I can assure you that there is not the slightest reason for any present alarm. Miss Lundie has had a nervous attack, which has yielded to the simplest domestic remedies. The only anxiety you need feel is connected with the management of her in the future. She is suffering from some mental distress which it is not for me, but for her friends, to alleviate and remove. If you can turn her thoughts from the painful subject—whatever it may be—on which they are dwelling now, you will do all that needs to be done." He took up a newspaper from the table, and strolled out into the garden, leaving Sir Patrick and Arnold together.

"You heard that?" said Sir Patrick.

"Is he right, do you think?" asked Arnold.

"Right? Do you suppose a man gets *his* reputation by making mistakes? You're one of the new generation, Master Arnold. You can all of you stare at a famous man; but you haven't an atom of respect for his fame. If Shakspeare came to life again, and talked of play-writing, the first pretentious nobody who sat opposite at dinner would differ with him as composedly as he might differ with you and me. Veneration is dead among us; the present age has buried it, without a stone to mark the place. So much for that! Let's get back to Blanche. I suppose you can guess what the painful subject is that's dwelling on her mind? Miss Silvester has baffled me, and baffled the Edinburgh police. Blanche discovered that we had failed last night; and Blanche received that letter this morning."

He pushed Anne's letter across the breakfast-table.

Arnold read it, and handed it back without a word. Viewed by the new light in which he saw Geoffrey's character after the quarrel on the heath, the letter conveyed but one conclusion to his mind. Geoffrey had deserted her.

"Well?" said Sir Patrick. "Do you understand what it means?"

"I understand Blanche's wretchedness when she read it."

He said no more than that. It was plain that no information which he could afford—even if he had considered himself at liberty to give it—would be of the slightest use in assisting Sir Patrick to trace Miss Silvester, under present circumstances. There was—unhappily—no temptation to induce him to break the honorable silence which he had maintained thus far. And—more unfortunately still—assuming the temptation to present itself, Arnold's capacity to resist it had never been so strong a capacity as it was now.

To the two powerful motives which had hitherto tied his tongue—respect for Anne's reputation, and reluctance to reveal to Blanche the deception which he had been compelled to practice on her at the inn—to these two motives there was now added a third. The meanness of betraying the confidence which Geoffrey had reposed in him would be doubled meanness if he proved false to his trust after Geoffrey had personally insulted him. The paltry revenge which that false friend had unhesitatingly suspected him of taking, was a revenge of which Arnold's nature was simply incapable. Never had his lips been more effectually sealed than at this moment—when his whole future depended on Sir Patrick's discovering the part that he had played in past events at Craig Fernie.

"Yes! yes!" resumed Sir Patrick, impatiently. "Blanche's distress is intelligible enough. But here is my niece apparently answerable for this unhappy woman's disappearance. Can you explain what my niece has got to do with it?"

"I! Blanche herself is completely mystified. How should *I* know?"

Answering in those terms, he spoke with perfect sincerity. Anne's vague distrust of the position in which they had innocently placed themselves at the inn had produced no corresponding effect on Arnold at the time. He had not regarded it; he had not even understood it. As a necessary result, not the faintest suspicion of the motive under which Anne was acting existed in his mind now.

Sir Patrick put the letter into his pocket-book, and abandoned all further attempt at interpreting the meaning of it in despair.

"Enough, and more than enough, of groping in the dark," he said. "One point is clear to me after what has happened up stairs this morning. We must accept the position in which Miss Silvester has placed us. I shall give up all further effort to trace her from this moment."

"Surely that will be a dreadful disappointment to Blanche, Sir Patrick?"

"I don't deny it. We must face that result."

"If you are sure there is nothing else to be done, I suppose we must."

"I am not sure of any thing of the sort, Master Arnold! There are two chances still left of throwing light on this matter, which are both of them independent of any thing that Miss Silvester can do to keep it in the dark."

"Then why not try them, Sir? It seems hard to drop Miss Silvester when she is in trouble."

"We can't help her against her own will," rejoined Sir Patrick. "And we can't run the risk, after that nervous attack this morning, of subjecting Blanche to any further suspense. I have thought of my niece's interests throughout this business—and if I now change my mind, and decline to agitate her by more experiments, ending (quite possibly) in more failures, it is because I am thinking of her interests still. I have no other motive. However numerous my weaknesses may be, ambition to distinguish myself as a detective policeman is not one of them. The case, from the police point of view, is by no means a lost case. I drop it, nevertheless, for Blanche's sake. Instead of encouraging her thoughts to dwell on this melancholy business, we must apply the remedy suggested by our medical friend."

"How is that to be done?" asked Arnold.

The sly twist of humor began to show itself in Sir Patrick's face.

"Has she nothing to think of in the future, which is a pleasanter subject of reflection than the loss of her friend?" he asked. "*You* are interested, my young gentleman, in the remedy that is to cure Blanche. *You* are one of the drugs in the moral prescription. Can you guess what it is?"

Arnold started to his feet, and brightened into a new being.

"Perhaps you object to be hurried?" said Sir Patrick.

"Object! If Blanche will only consent, I'll take her to church as soon as she comes down stairs!"

"Thank you!" said Sir Patrick, dryly. "Mr. Arnold Brinkworth, may you always be as ready to take Time by the forelock as you are now! Sit down again; and don't talk nonsense. It is just possible—if Blanche consents (as you say), and if we can hurry the lawyers—that you may be married in three weeks' or a month's time."

"What have the lawyers got to do with it?"

"My good fellow, this is not a marriage in a novel! This is the most unromantic affair of the sort that ever happened. Here are a young gentleman and a young lady, both rich people; both well matched in birth and character; one of age, and the other marrying with the full consent and approval of her guardian. What is the consequence of this purely prosaic state of things? Lawyers and settlements, of course!"

"Come into the library, Sir Patrick; and I'll soon settle the settlements! A bit of paper, and a dip of ink. 'I hereby give every blessed farthing I have got in the world to my dear Blanche.' Sign that; stick a wafer on at the side; clap your finger on the wafer; 'I deliver this as my act and deed;' and there it is—done!"

"Is it, really? You are a born legislator. You create and codify your own system all in a breath. Moses-Justinian-Mahomet, give me your arm! There is one atom of sense in what you have just said. 'Come into the library'—is a suggestion worth attending to. Do you happen, among your other superfluities, to have such a thing as a lawyer about you?"

"I have got two. One in London; and one in Edinburgh."

"We will take the nearest of the two, because we are in a hurry. Who is the Edinburgh lawyer? Pringle of Pitt Street? Couldn't be a better man. Come and write to him. You have given me your abstract of a marriage settlement with the brevity of an ancient Roman. I scorn to be outdone by an amateur lawyer. Here is *my* abstract: You are just and generous to Blanche; Blanche is just and generous to you; and you both combine to be just and generous together to your children. There is a model settlement! and there are your instructions to Pringle of Pitt Street! Can you do it by yourself? No; of course you can't. Now don't be slovenly-minded! See the points in their order as they come. You are going to be married; you state to whom; you add that I am the lady's guardian; you give the name and address of my lawyer in Edinburgh; you write your instructions plainly in the fewest words, and leave details to your legal adviser; you refer the lawyers to each other; you request that the draft settlements be prepared as speedily as possible; and you give your address at this house. There are the heads. Can't you do it now? Oh, the rising generation! Oh, the progress we are making in these enlightened modern times! There! there! you can marry Blanche, and make her happy, and increase the population—and all without knowing how to write the English language. One can only say with the learned Beyoriskius, looking out of his window at the illimitable loves of the sparrows, 'How merciful is Heaven to its creatures!' Take up the pen. I'll dictate! I'll dictate!"

Sir Patrick read the letter over, approved of it, and saw it safe in the box for the post. This done, he peremptorily forbade Arnold to speak to his niece on the subject of the marriage without his express permission. "There's somebody else's consent to be got," he said, "besides Blanche's consent and mine."

"Lady Lundie?"

"Lady Lundie. Strictly speaking, I am the only authority. But my sister-in-law is Blanche's step-mother, and she is appointed guardian in the event of my death. She has a right to be consulted—in courtesy, if not in law. Would you like to do it?"

Arnold's face fell. He looked at Sir Patrick in silent dismay.

"What! you can't even speak to such a perfectly pliable person as Lady Lundie? You may have been a very useful fellow at sea. A more helpless young man I never met with on shore. Get out with you into the garden among the other sparrows! Somebody must confront her ladyship. And if you won't—I must."

He pushed Arnold out of the library, and applied meditatively to the knob of his cane. His gayety disappeared, now that he was alone. His experience of Lady Lundie's character told him that, in attempting to win her approval to any scheme for hurrying Blanche's marriage, he was undertaking no easy task. "I suppose," mused Sir Patrick, thinking of his late brother—"I suppose poor Tom had some way of managing her. How did he do it, I wonder? If she had been the wife of a bricklayer, she is the sort of woman who would have been kept in perfect order by a vigorous and regular application of her husband's fist. But Tom wasn't a bricklayer. I wonder how Tom did it?" After a little hard thinking on this point Sir Patrick gave up the problem as beyond human solution. "It must be done," he concluded. "And my own mother-wit must help me to do it."

In that resigned frame of mind he hobbled out of the library, and knocked at the door of Lady Lundie's boudoir.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SEVENTH.

OUTWITTED.

Sir Patrick found his sister-in-law immersed in domestic business. Her ladyship's correspondence and visiting list; her ladyship's household bills and ledgers; her ladyship's Diary and Memorandum-book (bound in scarlet morocco); her ladyship's desk, envelope-case, match-box, and taper candlestick (all in ebony and silver); her ladyship herself, presiding over her responsibilities, and wielding her materials, equal to any calls of emergency, beautifully dressed in correct morning costume, blessed with perfect health both of the secretions and the principles; absolutely void of vice, and formidably full of virtue, presented, to every properly-constituted mind, the most imposing spectacle known to humanity—the British Matron on her throne, asking the world in general, When will you produce the like of Me?

"I am afraid I disturb you," said Sir Patrick. "I am a perfectly idle person. Shall I look in a little later?"

Lady Lundie put her hand to her head, and smiled faintly.

"A little pressure *here*, Sir Patrick. Pray sit down. Duty finds me earnest; Duty finds me cheerful; Duty finds me accessible. From a poor, weak woman, Duty must expect no more. Now what is it?" (Her ladyship consulted her scarlet memorandum-book.) "I have got it, here, under its proper head, distinguished by initial letters. P.—the poor. No. H.M.—heathen missions. No. V.T.A.—Visitors to arrive. No. P.I.P.—Here it is: private interview with Patrick. Will you forgive me the little harmless familiarity of omitting your title? Thank you! You are always so good. I am quite at your service when you like to begin. If it's any thing painful, pray don't hesitate. I am quite prepared."

With that intimation her ladyship threw herself back in her chair, with her elbows on the arms, and her fingers joined at the tips, as if she was receiving a deputation. "Yes?" she said, interrogatively. Sir Patrick paid a private tribute of pity to his late brother's memory, and entered on his business.

"We won't call it a painful matter," he began. "Let us say it's a matter of domestic anxiety. Blanche—"

Lady Lundie emitted a faint scream, and put her hand over her eyes.

"*Must* you?" cried her ladyship, in a tone of touching remonstrance. "Oh, Sir Patrick, *must* you?"

"Yes. I must."

Lady Lundie's magnificent eyes looked up at that hidden court of human appeal which is lodged in the ceiling. The hidden court looked down at Lady Lundie, and saw—Duty advertising itself in the largest capital letters.

"Go on, Sir Patrick. The motto of woman is Self-sacrifice. You sha'n't see how you distress me. Go on."

Sir Patrick went on impenetrably—without betraying the slightest expression of sympathy or surprise.

"I was about to refer to the nervous attack from which Blanche has suffered this morning," he said. "May I ask whether you have been informed of the cause to which the attack is attributable?"

"There!" exclaimed Lady Lundie, with a sudden bound in her chair, and a sudden development of vocal power to correspond. "The one thing I shrank from speaking of! the cruel, cruel, cruel behavior I was prepared to pass over! And Sir Patrick hints on it! Innocently—don't let me do an injustice—innocently hints on it!"

"Hints on what, my dear Madam?"

"Blanche's conduct to me this morning. Blanche's heartless secrecy. Blanche's undutiful silence. I repeat the words: Heartless secrecy. Undutiful silence."

"Allow me for one moment, Lady Lundie—"

"Allow *me*, Sir Patrick! Heaven knows how unwilling I am to speak of it. Heaven knows that not a word of reference to it escaped *my* lips. But you leave me no choice now. As mistress of the household, as a Christian woman, as the widow of your dear brother, as a mother to this misguided girl, I must state the facts. I know you mean well; I know you wish to spare me. Quite useless! I must state the facts."

Sir Patrick bowed, and submitted. (If he had only been a bricklayer! and if Lady Lundie had not been, what her ladyship unquestionably was, the strongest person of the two!)

"Permit me to draw a veil, for your sake," said Lady Lundie, "over the horrors—I can not, with the best wish to spare you, conscientiously call them by any other name—the horrors that took place up stairs. The moment I heard that Blanche was ill I was at my post. Duty will always find me ready, Sir Patrick, to my dying day. Shocking as the whole thing was, I presided calmly over the screams and sobs of my step-daughter. I closed my ears to the profane violence of her language. I set the necessary example, as an English gentlewoman at the head of her household. It was only when I distinctly heard the name of a person, never to be mentioned again in my family circle, issue (if I may use the expression) from Blanche's lips that I began to be really alarmed. I said to my maid: 'Hopkins, this is not Hysteria. This is a possession of the devil. Fetch the chloroform.'"

Chloroform, applied in the capacity of an exorcism, was entirely new to Sir Patrick. He preserved his gravity with considerable difficulty. Lady Lundie went on:

"Hopkins is an excellent person—but Hopkins has a tongue. She met our distinguished medical guest in the corridor, and told him. He was so good as to come to the door. I was shocked to trouble him to act in his professional capacity while he was a visitor, an honored visitor, in my house. Besides, I considered it more a case for a clergyman than for a medical man. However, there was no help for it after Hopkins's tongue. I requested our eminent friend to favor us with—I think the exact scientific term is—a Prognosis. He took the purely material view which was only to be expected from a person in his profession. He prognosed—*am* I right? Did he prognose? or did he diagnose? A habit of speaking correctly is *so* important, Sir Patrick! and I should be *so* grieved to mislead you!"

"Never mind, Lady Lundie! I have heard the medical report. Don't trouble yourself to repeat it."

"Don't trouble myself to repeat it?" echoed Lady Lundie—with her dignity up in arms at the bare prospect of finding her remarks abridged. "Ah, Sir Patrick! that little constitutional impatience of yours!—Oh, dear me! how often you must have given way to it, and how often you must have regretted it, in your time!"

"My dear lady! if you wish to repeat the report, why not say so, in plain words? Don't let me hurry you. Let us have the prognosis, by all means."

Lady Lundie shook her head compassionately, and smiled with angelic sadness. "Our little besetting sins!" she said. "What slaves we are to our little besetting sins! Take a turn in the room—do!"

Any ordinary man would have lost his temper. But the law (as Sir Patrick had told his niece) has a special temper of its own. Without exhibiting the smallest irritation, Sir Patrick dextrously applied his sister-in-law's blister to his sister-in-law herself.

"What an eye you have!" he said. "I *was* impatient. I *am* impatient. I am dying to know what Blanche said to you when she got better?"

The British Matron froze up into a matron of stone on the spot.

"Nothing!" answered her ladyship, with a vicious snap of her teeth, as if she had tried to bite the word before it escaped her.

"Nothing!" exclaimed Sir Patrick.

"Nothing," repeated Lady Lundie, with her most formidable emphasis of look and tone. "I applied all the remedies with my own hands; I cut her laces with my own scissors; I completely wetted her head through with cold water; I remained with her until she was quite exhausted; I took her in my arms, and folded her to my bosom; I sent every body out of the room; I said, 'Dear child, confide in me.' And how were my advances—my motherly advances—met? I have already told you. By heartless secrecy. By undutiful silence."

Sir Patrick pressed the blister a little closer to the skin. "She was probably afraid to speak," he said.

"Afraid? Oh!" cried Lady Lundie, distrusting the evidence of her own senses. "You can't have said that? I have evidently misapprehended you. You didn't really say, afraid?"

"I said she was probably afraid—"

"Stop! I can't be told to my face that I have failed to do my duty by Blanche. No, Sir Patrick! I can bear a great deal; but I can't bear that. After having been more than a mother to your dear brother's child; after having been an elder sister to Blanche; after having toiled—I say *toiled*, Sir Patrick!—to cultivate her intelligence (with the sweet lines of the poet ever present to my memory: 'Delightful task to rear the tender mind, and teach the young idea how to shoot!'); after having done all I have done—a place in the carriage only yesterday, and a visit to the most interesting relic of feudal times in Perthshire—after having sacrificed all I have sacrificed, to be told that I have behaved in such a manner to Blanche as to frighten her when I ask her to confide in me, is a little too cruel. I have a sensitive—an unduly sensitive nature, dear Sir Patrick. Forgive me for wincing when I am wounded. Forgive me for feeling it when the wound is dealt me by a person whom I revere."

Her ladyship put her handkerchief to her eyes. Any other man would have taken off the blister. Sir Patrick pressed it harder than ever.

"You quite mistake me," he replied. "I meant that Blanche was afraid to tell you the true cause of her illness. The true cause is anxiety about Miss Silvester."

Lady Lundie emitted another scream—a loud scream this time—and closed her eyes in horror.

"I can run out of the house," cried her ladyship, wildly. "I can fly to the uttermost corners of the earth; but I can *not* hear that person's name mentioned! No, Sir Patrick! not in my presence! not in my room! not while I am mistress at Windygates House!"

"I am sorry to say any thing that is disagreeable to you, Lady Lundie. But the nature of my errand here obliges me to touch—as lightly as possible—on something which has happened in your house without your knowledge."

Lady Lundie suddenly opened her eyes, and became the picture of attention. A casual observer might have supposed her ladyship to be not wholly inaccessible to the vulgar emotion of curiosity.

"A visitor came to Windygates yesterday, while we were all at lunch," proceeded Sir Patrick. "She—"

Lady Lundie seized the scarlet memorandum-book, and stopped her brother-in-law, before he could get any further. Her ladyship's next words escaped her lips spasmodically, like words let at intervals out of a trap.

"I undertake—as a woman accustomed to self-restraint, Sir Patrick—I undertake to control myself, on one condition. I won't have the name mentioned. I won't have the sex mentioned. Say, 'The Person,' if you please. 'The Person,'" continued Lady Lundie, opening her memorandum-book and taking up her pen, "committed an audacious invasion of my premises yesterday?"

Sir Patrick bowed. Her ladyship made a note—a fiercely-penned note that scratched the paper viciously—and then proceeded to examine her brother-in-law, in the capacity of witness.

"What part of my house did 'The Person' invade? Be very careful, Sir Patrick! I propose to place myself under the protection of a justice of the peace; and this is a memorandum of my statement. The library—did I understand you to say? Just so—the library."

"Add," said Sir Patrick, with another pressure on the blister, "that The Person had an interview with Blanche in the library."

Lady Lundie's pen suddenly stuck in the paper, and scattered a little shower of ink-drops all round it. "The library," repeated her ladyship, in a voice suggestive of approaching suffocation. "I undertake to control myself, Sir Patrick! Any thing missing from the library?"

"Nothing missing, Lady Lundie, but The Person herself. She—"

"No, Sir Patrick! I won't have it! In the name of my own sex, I won't have it!"

"Pray pardon me—I forgot that 'she' was a prohibited pronoun on the present occasion. The Person has written a farewell letter to Blanche, and has gone nobody knows where. The distress produced by these events is alone answerable for what has happened to Blanche this morning. If you bear that in mind—and if you remember what your own opinion is of Miss Silvester—you will understand why Blanche hesitated to admit you into her confidence."

There he waited for a reply. Lady Lundie was too deeply absorbed in completing her memorandum to be conscious of his presence in the room.

"'Carriage to be at the door at two-thirty,'" said Lady Lundie, repeating the final words of the memorandum while she wrote them. "'Inquire for the nearest justice of the peace, and place the privacy of Windygates under the protection of the law.'—I beg your pardon!" exclaimed her ladyship, becoming conscious again of Sir Patrick's presence. "Have I missed any thing particularly painful? Pray mention it if I have!"

"You have missed nothing of the slightest importance," returned Sir Patrick. "I have placed you in possession of facts which you had a right to know; and we have now only to return to our medical friend's report on Blanche's health. You were about to favor me, I think, with the Prognosis?"

"Diagnosis!" said her ladyship, spitefully. "I had forgotten at the time—I remember now. Prognosis is entirely wrong."

"I sit corrected, Lady Lundie. Diagnosis."

"You have informed me, Sir Patrick, that you were already acquainted with the Diagnosis. It is quite needless for me to repeat it now."

"I was anxious to correct my own impression, my dear lady, by comparing it with yours."

"You are very good. You are a learned man. I am only a poor ignorant woman. Your impression can not possibly require correcting by mine."

"My impression, Lady Lundie, was that our friend recommended moral, rather than medical, treatment for Blanche. If we can turn her thoughts from the painful subject on which they are now dwelling, we shall do all that is needful. Those were his own words, as I remember them. Do you confirm me?"

"Can *I* presume to dispute with *you*, Sir Patrick? You are a master of refined irony, I know. I am afraid it's all thrown away on poor me."

(The law kept its wonderful temper! The law met the most exasperating of living women with a counter-power of defensive aggravation all its own!)

"I take that as confirming me, Lady Lundie. Thank you. Now, as to the method of carrying out our friend's advice. The method seems plain. All we can do to divert Blanche's mind is to turn Blanche's attention to some other subject of reflection, less painful than the subject which occupies her now. Do you agree, so far?"

"Why place the whole responsibility on *my* shoulders?" inquired Lady Lundie.

"Out of profound deference for your opinion," answered Sir Patrick. "Strictly speaking, no doubt, any serious responsibility rests with me. I am Blanche's guardian—"

"Thank God!" cried Lady Lundie, with a perfect explosion of pious fervor.

"I hear an outburst of devout thankfulness," remarked Sir Patrick. "Am I to take it as expressing—let me say—some little doubt, on your part, as to the prospect of managing Blanche successfully, under present circumstances?"

Lady Lundie's temper began to give way again—exactly as her brother-in-law had anticipated.

"You are to take it," she said, "as expressing my conviction that I saddled myself with the charge of an incorrigibly heartless, obstinate, and perverse girl, when I undertook the care of Blanche."

"Did you say 'incorrigibly?'"

"I said 'incorrigibly.'"

"If the case is as hopeless as that, my dear Madam—as Blanche's guardian, I ought to find means to relieve you of the charge of Blanche."

"Nobody shall relieve *me* of a duty that I have once undertaken!" retorted Lady Lundie. "Not if I die at my post!"

"Suppose it was consistent with your duty," pleaded Sir Patrick, "to be relieved at your post? Suppose it was in harmony with that 'self-sacrifice' which is 'the motto of women?'"

"I don't understand you, Sir Patrick. Be so good as to explain yourself."

Sir Patrick assumed a new character—the character of a hesitating man. He cast a look of respectful inquiry at his sister-in-law, sighed, and shook his head.

"No!" he said. "It would be asking too much. Even with your high standard of duty, it would be asking too much."

"Nothing which you can ask me in the name of duty is too much."

"No! no! Let me remind you. Human nature has its limits."

"A Christian gentlewoman's sense of duty knows no limits."

"Oh, surely yes!"

"Sir Patrick! after what I have just said, your perseverance in doubting me amounts to something like an insult!"

"Don't say that! Let me put a case. Let us suppose the future interests of another person to depend on your saying, Yes—when all your own most cherished ideas and opinions urge you to say, No. Do you really mean to tell me that you could trample your own convictions under foot, if it could be shown that the purely abstract consideration of duty was involved in the sacrifice?"

"Yes!" cried Lady Lundie, mounting the pedestal of her virtue on the spot. "Yes—without a moment's hesitation!"

"I sit corrected, Lady Lundie. You embolden me to proceed. Allow me to ask (after what I have just heard)—whether it is not your duty to act on advice given for Blanche's benefit, by one of the highest medical authorities in England?"

Her ladyship admitted that it was her duty; pending a more favorable opportunity for contradicting her brother-in-law.

"Very good," pursued Sir Patrick. "Assuming that Blanche is like most other human beings, and has some prospect of happiness to contemplate, if she could only be made to see it—are we not bound to make her see it, by our moral obligation to act on the medical advice?" He cast a courteously-persuasive look at her ladyship, and paused in the most innocent manner for a reply.

If Lady Lundie had not been bent—thanks to the irritation fomented by her brother-in-law—on disputing the ground with him, inch by inch, she must have seen signs, by this time, of the snare that was being set for her. As it was, she saw nothing but the opportunity of disparaging Blanche and contradicting Sir Patrick.

"If my step-daughter had any such prospect as you describe," she answered, "I should of course say, Yes. But Blanche's is an ill-regulated mind. An ill-regulated mind has no prospect of happiness."

"Pardon me," said Sir Patrick. "Blanche *has* a prospect of happiness. In other words, Blanche has a prospect of being married. And, what is more, Arnold Brinkworth is ready to marry her as soon as the settlements can be prepared."

Lady Lundie started in her chair—turned crimson with rage—and opened her lips to speak. Sir Patrick rose to his feet, and went on before she could utter a word.

"I beg to relieve you, Lady Lundie—by means which you have just acknowledged it to be your duty to accept—of all further charge of an incorrigible girl. As Blanche's guardian, I have the honor of proposing that her marriage be advanced to a day to be hereafter named in the first fortnight of the ensuing month."

In those words he closed the trap which he had set for his sister-in-law, and waited to see what came of it.

A thoroughly spiteful woman, thoroughly roused, is capable of subordinating every other consideration to the one imperative necessity of gratifying her spite. There was but one way now of turning the tables on Sir Patrick—and Lady Lundie took it. She hated him, at that moment, so intensely, that not even the assertion of her own obstinate will promised her more than a tame satisfaction, by comparison with the priceless enjoyment of beating her brother-in-law with his own weapons.

"My dear Sir Patrick!" she said, with a little silvery laugh, "you have wasted much precious time and many eloquent words in trying to entrap me into giving my consent, when you might have had it for the asking. I think the idea of hastening Blanche's marriage an excellent one. I am charmed to transfer the charge of such a person as my step-daughter to the unfortunate young man who is willing to take her off my hands. The less he sees of Blanche's character the more satisfied I shall feel of his performing his engagement to marry her. Pray hurry the lawyers, Sir Patrick, and let it be a week sooner rather than a week later, if you wish to please Me."

Her ladyship rose in her grandest proportions, and made a courtesy which was nothing less than a triumph of polite satire in dumb show. Sir Patrick answered by a profound bow and a smile which said, eloquently, "I believe every word of that charming answer. Admirable woman—adieu!"

So the one person in the family circle, whose opposition might have forced Sir Patrick to submit to a timely delay, was silenced by adroit management of the vices of her own character. So, in despite of herself, Lady Lundie was won over to the project for hurrying the marriage of Arnold and Blanche.

A BARRICADE IN PARIS.

On the 7th of February M. Rochefort, who was to preside at a political meeting in Paris, was arrested at the door of the hall, and the chair was taken by M. Flourens, the gentleman who tried to incite an insurrection at the funeral of Victor Noir. On hearing of the arrest he rose, discharged his pistol in the air at some imaginary foe, with the words, "I rise in open insurrection, and I call upon you all to follow me!" He then seized the solitary policeman who was present, and marched him out of the hall, followed by an enthusiastic crowd of unarmed youth, ready for any thing that promised excitement. Proceeding to an omnibus dépôt, in the Rue de Paris, they upset a number of cabs, and in a few minutes formed quite a respectable barricade, which could have been held for hours by armed and determined men. But the followers of M. Flourens were neither armed nor determined, and, on the approach of a body of armed police, they quietly dispersed. M. Flourens himself slipped away in the darkness, and escaped over the border into Belgium. Perhaps sensible of having acted rather a sorry part, he has since printed in a Brussels newspaper a sort of apology for his conduct, which, however, shows up the affair in a very ridiculous light, and leaves the reader in doubt whether it was the act of a madman or a poltroon. As his account may be accepted as official, we give that part of it which describes his flight, after leaving the barricade:

> There were not enough of us.
>
> Meanwhile the whole great artery of the Faubourg was barricaded. If we had only had arms, these boys would have fought like heroes.
>
> We go down the Faubourg again. At the moment I reached the lower barricade piercing cries were heard.
>
> They were unarmed lads, whom the agents of the police were pursuing sword in hand. One of them, struck down by a sword blow in the back, fell four steps from me, uttering terrible cries.
>
> Three agents rushed at me. I had no arms. I was lucky enough to parry a sword-stroke with my left arm, while I received upon my right shoulder a blow from a policeman's locust.
>
> Braced against the wall, I was about to begin the struggle, when there came along five or six other lads, running with all their might, and chased by agents and an officer of the peace.
>
> "Run after them, and strike them," cried the officer to his agents. This saved me. They left me there, braced against the wall.
>
> I then continued my route without disturbance, and all alone. In a side street I met a friend, a workman, who made me go with him into his chamber.
>
> Hardly were we within when the street was invaded by the municipal guard, horse and foot. It was a gloomy sight to see these men marching along silently in the darkness to kill their unarmed brothers and sons!
>
> The horses at every step slipped upon the damp pavement.
>
> Hardly had they passed than I left my friend's house.
>
> Thanks to the darkness, I was able to go up the Faubourg again, to watch the police destroy our barricade, so courageously improvised all at once.
>
> The cavalry came down the Rue du Faubourg again, and happily found no one to sabre. Seeing that there was nothing more to be done for the present, I followed the canal and went to the house of another friend.
>
> At half past one in the morning all the city was completely calm.
>
> At six o'clock in the morning, Tuesday, the 8th, a commissaire of police, followed by five agents, went to my house to arrest me; but, naturally, they did not find me.
>
> The order of arrest issued against me is contained under the four following heads: 1st, Excitation to crimes. 2d, Arresting a commissaire of police. 3d, Excitation to revolt. 4th, Raising seditious cries.
>
> These gentlemen of the police carried off all my papers, all my correspondence—where they will, of course, find positively nothing to compromise any body.
>
> They took off also my copy of Hugo's "Châtiments."
>
> All this shall not prevent justice being done.

Our illustration on page 169 represents the barricade at the moment of the approach of the police and the dispersion of the followers of M. Flourens.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A friend of ours was coming to New York from Albany, and just opposite him in the car sat a lady and her child, the latter a beautiful little girl with wonderfully bright eyes and a sweet, winsome face—the very picture, in miniature, of her mother. She attracted much attention, and won many smiles and tender glances, as she moved about the seat. An elderly gentleman, walking through the car, looked into the witching thing's eyes, and was fascinated at once. Stopping, he lovingly patted her cheek, and asked: "Won't you give me a kiss, pretty one? I like to kiss little girls." She looked at him very archly for an instant, and then propounded the rather embarrassing question: "Wouldn't you rather kiss mamma?"

The Pale of Society—The blondes.

A certain judge, famous for his love of good living, said to a friend one day: "We have just been dining off a superb turkey! It was excellent! Stuffed with truffles to the very throat—tender, delicate, filled with perfume! We left nothing but the bones." "How many were there of you?" asked the friend. "Two," replied the judge. "Two!" echoed the other, in astonishment. "Yes, two," repeated the judge: "the turkey and myself."

"Massa's bery sick—de doctor says he can't lib mo' dan two, tree, four days longer!" exclaimed Peter Snow, with a sad countenance. "Bery sorry for you, Pete; but de bess of massas will die, dat am a facdar ain't no help for dem. Wot am de particular diagoesnse ob his case, Peter?" "De doctor say he hab got *two-buckles* on his lungs an' *tu-mors* on his stumic; den he habs a digestion ob de brain, a palpitation ob de alementry canawl, an' de hydrofogy in de kid-knees, an' sumfin' or oder am de matter in de region ob de gizzard! Oh, it am a dreffal case!"

An exchange paper says: "'Truth' is in type, but is crowded out by more important matter."

"I like to read epigrams against us women," said Mrs. Clever. "When a culprit clanks his chains you know that they are on him."

A Social Glass to which Ladies are Addicted—The mirror.

When the long-handled collection dish was passed around in a Boston church, a little girl reached out for some of the pop-corn. She thought the deacon had a "corn-popper."

The Moaning of the Tied—A husband's grumbling.

When is the most suitable time to get married?—April 1.

Something to Weep Over—A bushel of onions.

An apothecary's boy was lately sent to leave at one house a box of pills and at another six live fowls. Confused on the way, he left the pills where the fowls should have gone, and the fowls at the pill place. The folks who received the fowls were astonished at reading the accompanying direction: "Swallow one every two hours."

A lady asked a pupil, at a public examination of a Sunday-school: "What was the sin of the Pharisees?" "Eating camels, marm," quickly replied the child. She had read that the Pharisees "strained at gnats and swallowed camels."

This world was formed for maid and man,
  So each must find a fellow;
It hath been so since the world began,
  And marigolds were yellow.

For she who wastes her Summer prime,
  And coldly doth eschew it,
Shall in the Winter of her time
  With vain repentance rue it.

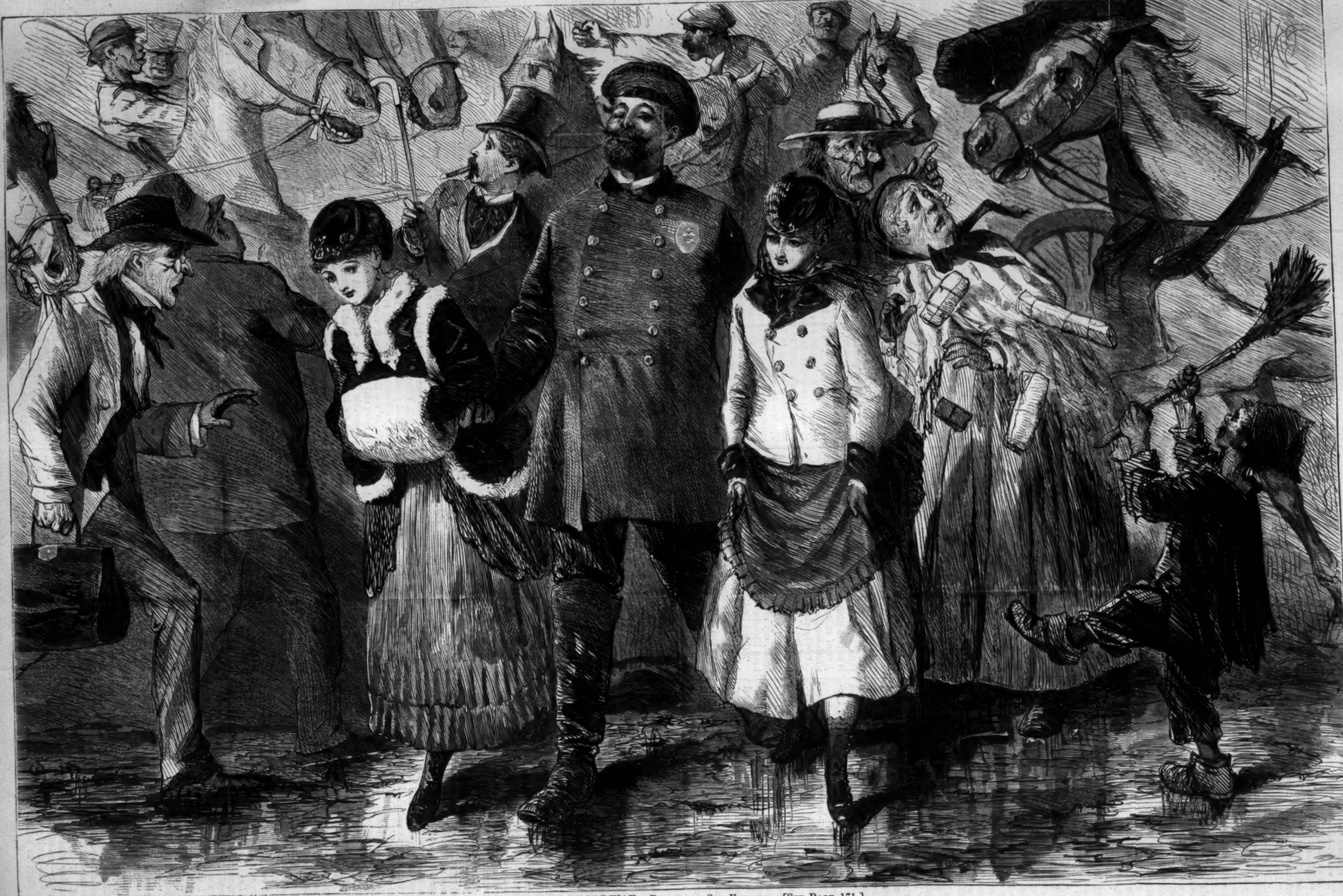
Then, prithee say not Nay, but Yea,
  While primroses are blooming;
For Spring-time will not always stay
  The Winter that is coming.

A poet who is prematurely bald, excuses it in this ingenious and complimentary manner: "Baldness," he says, "is only a proof of politeness paid to the beautiful sex. Is it not the duty of a gentleman always to uncover his head in the presence of ladies?"

"Man," says the anatomist, "changes entirely every seven years." "Therefore," says Jones, "my tailor should not ask me for the bill I contracted in 1862. I am not the same person, hence I owe him nothing."

Curious Omission.—Every Cardinal is now in Rome except the Cardinal—Virtues.

The new Proverbial Philosophy.—Ask no woman her age. Never joke with a policeman. Do not play at chess with a widow. Never contradict a man who stutters. Be civil to all rich uncles and aunts. Your oldest hat, of course, for an evening party. Always sit next the carver, if you can, at dinner. Keep your own secrets. Tell no human being you dye your whiskers. Wind up your conduct, like your watch, once every day, examining minutely whether you are "fast" or "slow." Make friends with the steward on board a steamer; there's no knowing how soon you may be in his power. Write not one letter more than you can help; the man who keeps up a large correspondence is a martyr tied, not to the stake, but to the post.



CROSSING BROADWAY.—Drawn by Sol Eytinge.—[See Page 171.]

DR. LIVINGSTONE.

WE give this week the portrait of the celebrated African traveler, Dr. LIVINGSTONE, a report of whose death by a tribe of savages is again in circulation. The report comes from Captain the Hon. EARNEST COCHRANE, commanding the British ship of war *Petrel*, on the west coast of Africa, who wrote as fellows to a friend in England:

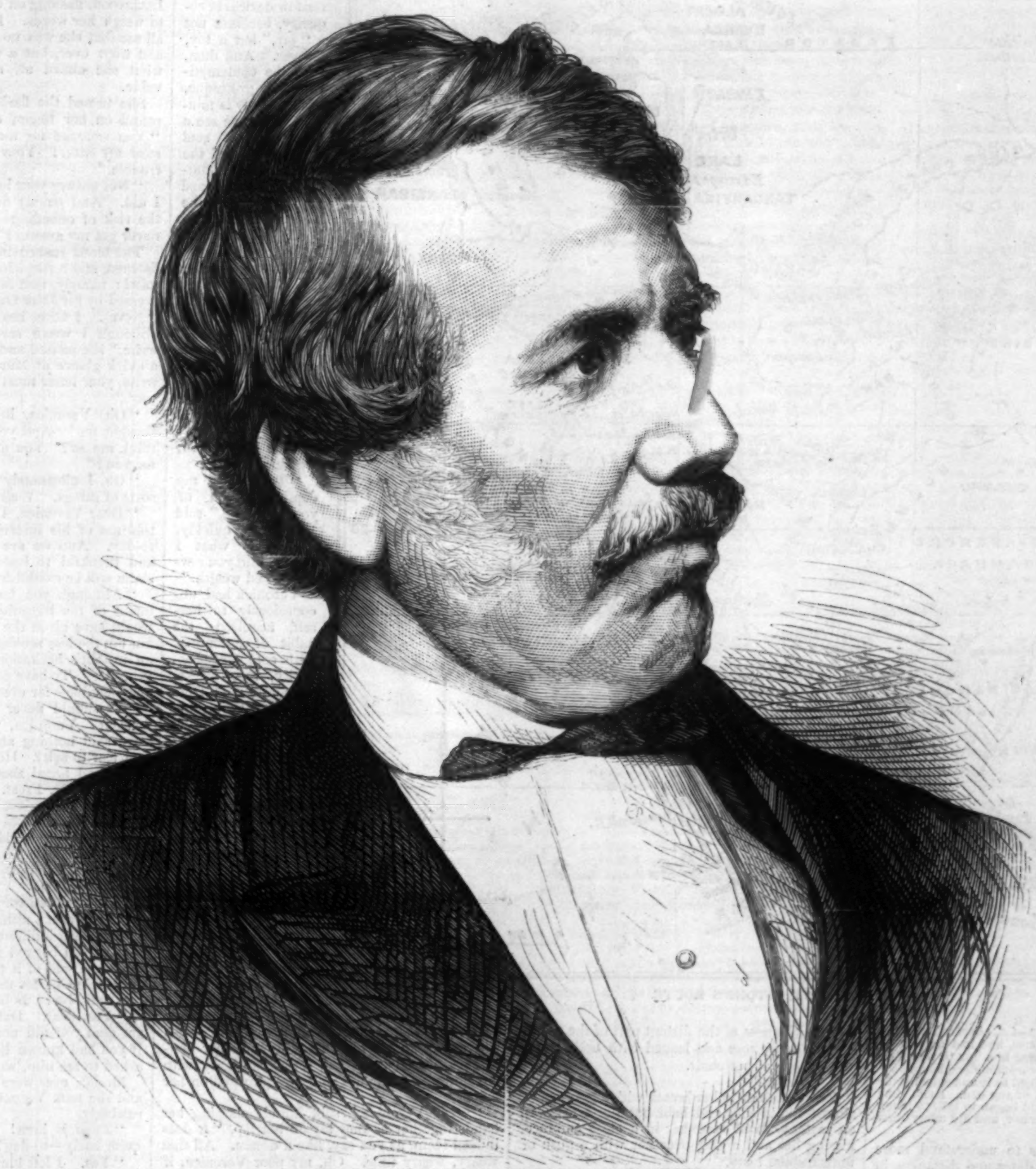
> "*January* 9, 1870.
>
> "MY DEAR SIR,—A few lines to tell you Dr. LIVINGSTONE has been killed and burned by the natives ninety days' journey from the Congo. He passed through a native town, and was three days on his journey when the king of the town died. The natives declared LIVINGSTONE had bewitched him, sent after him, told him he had witched their king, and he must die.—They then killed him and burned him. This news comes by a Portuguese trader traveling that way. LIVINGSTONE was on the lakes at the head of the Congo, making his way to the Congo, where he was going to come out. I believe this news to be true."

Sir RODERICK MURCHISON, who, as our readers will remember, stoutly maintained the falsity of former reports concerning Dr. LIVINGSTONE'S death, comes forward with a strong argument against the truth of the Portuguese trader's story. The grounds of his disbelief are stated as follows:

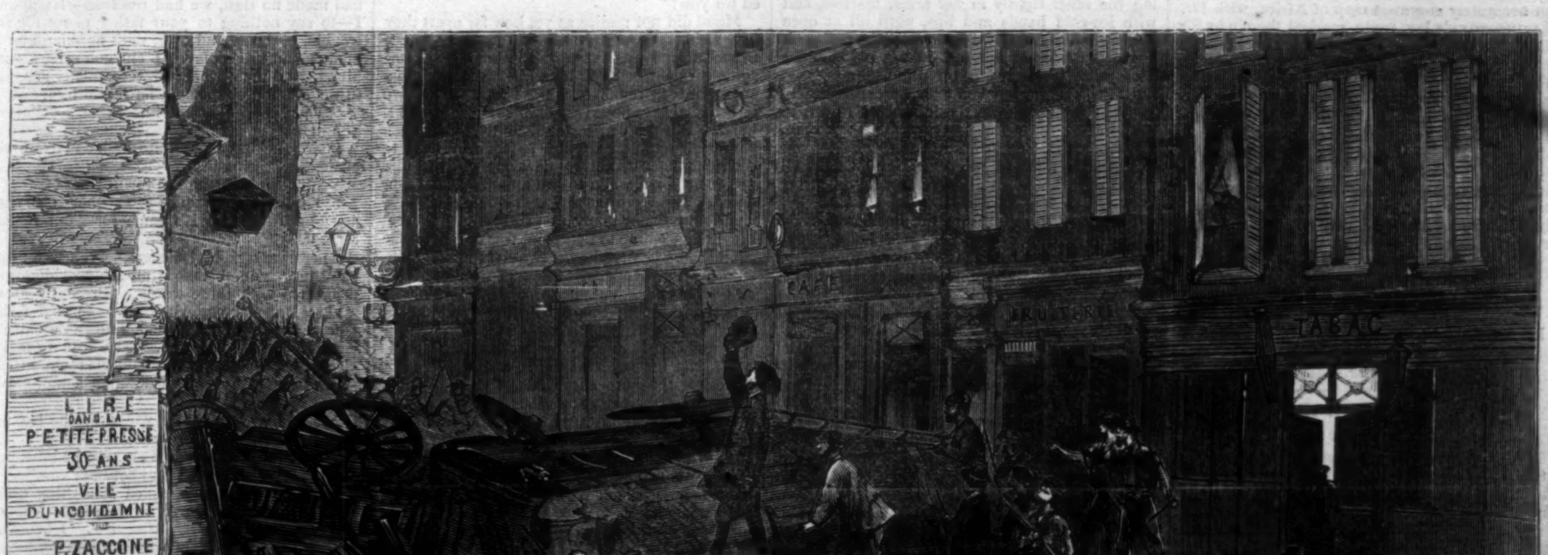
"LIVINGSTONE wrote from Ujiji on the 30th of May, 1869, to Zanzibar, requesting to be supplied with a number of boatmen and goods to enable him to proceed to the north of Lake Tanganyika, and, as he expressed it, 'to connect the sources I have discovered with the Nile of SPEKE and BAKER.' Dr. KIRK, in his dispatch to Lord CLARENDON of the 2d of October, 1869, states that he would lose no time in procuring and sending the supplies demanded. Granted that these requirements were forwarded in a week or two from that date, they could not have reached LIVINGSTONE before the middle of December, as it takes two months to communicate between Zanzibar and Ujiji. How, then, can LIVINGSTONE have had time to organize his expedition to proceed to the northern end of Tanganyika, and then round it to the as yet unknown lakes at the head of the Congo, by the date required to verify this new rumor of his death? For the death, as will be perceived, must have happened ninety days before the news reached the Portuguese settlements on the West Coast. Even on the incredible supposition that LIVINGSTONE started alone, and destitute as he then was at Ujiji, without waiting for the men and supplies he had written for, there would not have been time for him to have penetrated the totally unexplored and extensive region lying between Ujiji and the head waters of the Congo."

Sir RODERICK'S argument is further supported by a letter from the Doctor's brother, the English Consul at Fernando Po, who writes as follows to a daughter of the distinguished traveler:

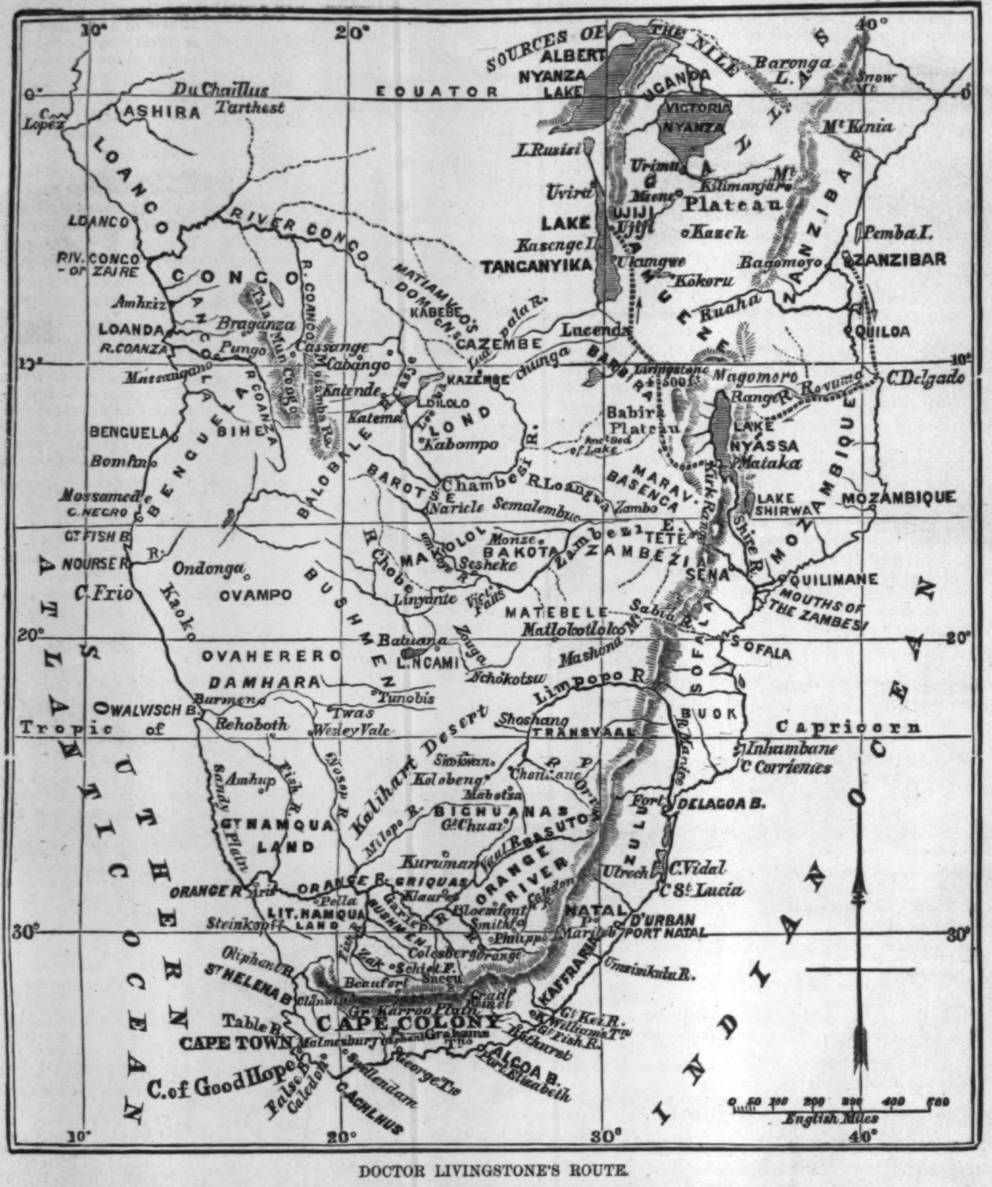
> "I had a note from Mr. VREDENBURG, our Commissioner at Loando, which shows that the mendacious Portuguese are not all dead yet. It was accompanied by a letter from a Portuguese traveler to the interior, who had just returned, and gives some impressions the natives got of your father when he crossed the continent in 1854, though it adds the fact, of which your father was not aware, that he had to drink the muange, and was cut to pieces by the natives, as some of the poison showed that it had taken effect on him. Poor VREDENBURG has sent this letter to the Foreign Office, as he thinks it 'leaves but little hopes of the safety of Dr. LIVINGSTONE.' As the natives told our Portuguese this yarn in June, 1868, it would appear that your father managed somehow to put all his pieces together again. I have written to VREDENBURG that the muange and cutting-to-pieces part of this yarn come out of the two calabashes of cacolla (drink made of honey). 'With much secrecy,' says VREDENBURG, 'the natives told the Portuguese that Dr. LIVINGSTONE was a great fetich man. He



[DOCTOR LIVINGSTONE, THE AFRICAN TRAVELER.



THE RECENT TROUBLES IN PARIS—ATTACK ON THE BARRICADES AT BELLEVILLE, FEBRUARY 7.—[SEE PAGE 167.]



DOCTOR LIVINGSTONE'S ROUTE.

talked every day with the sun—*i. e.*, observed with the sextant—never slept in a house, and had no fear of wild beasts. He had an animal in a box to which he never gave any thing to eat (chronometer), but always when he was traveling he talked to it and asked it the road—which he never asked of any one. From time to time he opened papers, and began to talk to them. He passed rivers without a canoe, and did many other wondrous things.'"

To enable our readers to understand more clearly the references to dates and distances in Sir RODERICK's letter, we publish on this page an accurately engraved map of Africa, with Dr. LIVINGSTONE's last route, marked therein by Sir RODERICK as far as Ujiji, where the traveler is now supposed to be. As the small scale on which this map is drawn might deceive some, it may be as well to state that Lake Tanganyika is about three hundred miles in length, and the country between that lake and the West Coast is utterly unknown, which last fact must add considerably to the difficulties of traveling, and consequently to the time required for making the journey. We sincerely trust that Sir RODERICK's firm belief in the safety of his friend may be justified by later intelligence.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book IV.

CHAPTER X.

THE MEETING.

WHEN Maud, following her conductor, reached the door of the sitting-room, she stopped the servant by a quick gesture from opening it and announcing her.

"I am expected," she said, almost in a whisper. "I will go in by myself."

She entered a large, dimly-lighted room. The furniture, always sombre, had once been also rich, but was now merely dingy. A fire burned in a low, wide grate at one end of it. On the tall, old-fashioned mantle-piece stood a couple of branch candlesticks, holding lighted wax tapers. From their position, these illumined only the upper part of the room; the rest was more or less in deep shadow. There was a large armchair drawn to one side of the fire-place. Its back was toward the principal door of the room. But one entering from the staircase could see the long draperies of the occupant of the chair, against which a white drooping hand was strongly relieved.

Maud stood still for a second. Not for longer than a second; for, almost immediately, she closed the door behind her; and the noise, though slight, attracted the attention of the solitary person who sat there. Maud had but an instant in which to observe her melancholy drooping attitude, when the lady turned her head, peering into the dimness of the distant part of the room, and suddenly rose and leaned with both hands on the back of her chair.

"Veronica!"

Veronica drew in her breath with a great gasp, almost like a sob, and held out her arms. In an instant Maud held her in a close embrace, kissing her and crying over her with a gush of unrestrained tears.

But Veronica stood as silent as a statue, straining the other tightly in her arms, tearless, and with ice-cold hands and lips, until all at once she pressed Maud down into the chair, and sank on to the floor at her feet in her old familiar posture, burying her face on Maud's knees.

Presently Maud spoke. "Dear Veronica, will you not get up and sit beside me? I want to see you."

Veronica raised her head.

"And I want to see *you*, Maudie. It all seems unreal. I can't believe that I am hearing your voice."

She slowly rose up from the floor, and stood bending a little over Maud, and holding her hands. Both girls were in deep mourning. Maud wore a plain merino gown, trimmed with a little crape. Veronica's rich rustling silk robe swept the ground, and was elaborately adorned with all the art of a Parisian dress-maker. Jet gleamed mysteriously here and there upon it, and its deep crape trimming was of a very different texture and quality from that which Maud wore.

Veronica fixed her eyes on Maud's face. The latter was rather pale, and her eyes bore traces of the tears they had just shed. But she was still the same Maud whom Veronica had known and loved. Her bright hair shone like a golden-tinged cloud at sunset above her black garments. There was the broad clear brow, the mobile mouth, the earnest blue eyes, unchanged in the character of their expression.

On her side, what did Maud see?

A face undeniably, strikingly beautiful; but with its chief beauties all exaggerated, as it were, in some undefinable way. Veronica's figure was a little fuller than it had been. And the tendency to heaviness about her cheeks and jaw had slightly developed itself. Her thick eyelashes were intensely—it seemed almost unnaturally—black. The semicircle of her jetty brows was defined with the hard precision of a geometrical line. Her glossy hair was pulled down in waves as accurate as those that edge a scollop-shell, so as to leave visible scarce a finger's breadth of forehead—an arrangement which at once lowered, and made ignobly sensual, the whole type and character of her face. Her cheeks and lips were tinged with a vivid red. Her once supple waist was compressed into a painfully small girdle. In a word, Artifice had laid its debasing hand on her every natural grace and beauty.

A "thing of beauty" painted, pinched, padded, yielded up to the low devices of coquetry, becomes not a "joy," but a toy, forever. And then, with the contemptible and grotesque, what tragedy is mingled, when we see a living human soul prisoned behind the doll's mask, and fluttering its maimed pinions against the base enameled falsehood. Such a soul looked out of Veronica's lustrous eyes into Maud's as they remained gazing at each other, hand in hand.

"I would ask you to forgive me, Maud," said Veronica, "but that I think you are happy."

"To forgive you, Veronica?"

"To forgive my depriving you of your fortune," said Veronica, quickly. "That is what I mean. But you never coveted wealth."

Veronica had, unconsciously to herself, acquired the habit of assuming, with complacent security, that whosoever refrained from grasping at an object, or repining at its loss, must be indifferent to it, and exempt from any combat with desire: like those savages who, modern travelers tell us, are incapable of conceiving any check to tyranny save the limit of power to tyrannize.

"Don't speak of that dreadful money!" cried Maud, impulsively. "I hate to think of it."

Veronica dropped Maud's hands, drew back, and seated herself on a low prie-dieu. There was an air of self-assertion in her nonchalant attitude, and she toyed carelessly with a magnificent diamond ring that glittered on her finger.

"Dear Veronica," said Maud, clasping her hands together as they lay on her lap, "it does indeed seem, as you say, like a dream. All that weary, weary time. Oh, my poor Veronica, if you could know how we missed you and mourned for you!"

Maud did not realize as yet how far apart they two were. Veronica's life during her absence from England was unknown to Maud. She imagined it confusedly to herself, as a time of disappointment, remorse, and sorrow. The two girls had always been very different even in childhood. But the courses of their lives had been parallel, so to speak; and as time brought to each character its natural development, they did not seem for a while to grow more widely sundered. But from the day of Veronica's flight—and doubtless for many a day previous, only that the divergence up to that point was too slight and subtle to be observed—the two lives had branched apart, and tended ever further from each other to the end. Veronica was more sensible of this than Maud. She felt instinctively that the downward-tending path she had been pursuing was not clearly conceivable to Maud. Nor, in truth, had the latter any idea of the degrading flatteries, the base suspicions, the humiliating hypocrisies, the petty ambitions, the paltry pleasures, and corroding cares, ennobled by no spark of unselfish love, which had made up the existence of the vicar's daughter.

The one had been journeying through a homelike country, which never in its dreariest parts quite lost the wide prospect of the sky, or the breath of pure air; although the former might drop chill rain, and the latter might blow roughly at times. The other had plunged into a tropical jungle; beautiful on its borders with gay birds and flowers, but within dark, stifling, and deadly.

Veronica was conscious of a shade of disappointment on once more beholding Maud. She was disappointed in herself. She had been moved and startled by the first sight of Maud; but no tears had welled up from her heart into her eyes. No deep emotion had been stirred. She felt, with a sort of unacknowledged dread, that she had grown harder than of old. She had yearned for the luxury of genuine feeling, and recalled the sweetness of impulsive affectionate moments when she had forgotten, by Maud's side, to be vain and selfish. But now the springs of pure tenderness seemed to be dry. She was uneasy until she could assert her grandeur, her success, her triumph. She wished to love Maud, and to be loved by her; but she also wished that Maud should be brought to see and to acknowledge how brilliant was her fortune, how great a lady the Princess de' Barletti would be, and how far above pity or contempt she had raised herself.

She had written perhaps too humbly to Hugh Lockwood, dashing off the note without stopping to weigh her words. If so, she must let them all see that she was no penitent to be pardoned and wept over, but a woman who had gained what she aimed at, and who understood its value.

She turned the flashing diamond round and round on her finger, as she answered slowly, "You *mourned* for me? Yet you did not answer my letter! Your mourning cost you little trouble."

"Not answer your letter! Indeed, Veronica, I did. And on my own responsibility, and at the risk of offending—at some risk. Did you never get my answer?"

The blood rushed into Veronica's face as she listened, and a suspicion of the truth crossed her mind: namely, that Maud's letter had been suppressed by Sir John Gale. But she merely said, "Never. I never heard from any one at home, although I wrote several times. If you did write," she paused and changed her phrase after a quick glance at Maud's face; "since you did write, your letter must have gone astray in some way."

"Oh, Veronica, how cruel you must have thought me! And yet—you could not, surely, think me so? You did not doubt my affection for you?"

"Oh, I alternately doubted and believed all sorts of things. Well; it is over now."

"Dear Veronica, I have been told—Hugh told me of his interview with those gentlemen to-day. And we are both unfeignedly relieved and thankful to know that—that—that your claim will be established."

"Although you lose by it! There was no doubt of the illegality of the will. Any court would have given the case in my favor. But I am not the less sensible," added Veronica, after an instant's hesitation, "of your generous forbearance. To have gone to law would have been very terrible—for every one."

"It should never have been done with my consent. Veronica, you have not asked—you have said nothing about—Uncle Charles. Did you fear to ask? He is well, thank God."

"I had heard that my father was alive and well from Mr. Frost. I hope he is also a little less obdurate against his only child than he was."

Maud was shocked by the hardness of the tone in which this was said. Veronica's manner altogether was unexpectedly chilling after the warmth of her first embrace, and the tenor of the note she had written.

"He has been very unhappy, Veronica."

"I regret it: although *my* unhappiness seems to have been indifferent to him."

"As you begged in your note that no word should be said of it to any one, we did not even tell Uncle Charles that—"

"Tell him? Is he here, in London?"

"Yes, dear. Did you not know it? Ah, I am glad you did not know it! That explains. If you had known he was here, you would have asked to see him, would you not?"

Maud's eyes were full of tears as she spoke, and she took Veronica's hand in both hers caressingly.

"Papa is here! You have been with him quite lately—to-day?"

"Yes. I left him at Gower Street. You will not be angry, dear, when I tell you that, as you had made no sign, we had resolved—Hugh and I—to say nothing to your father about all the trouble, now past and over, until he should be at home again in Shipley. I am going back with him. And then, when we were quietly together in the old house, I should have told him."

"Then papa does not know that I—that Sir John Gale is dead?"

"No; he has lived quite secluded from the chance of hearing it."

"What brought him to town?"

Maud cast her eyes down, and her voice sank as she answered: "He came for Aunt Hilda's funeral."

There was a painful silence. Even Veronica's egotism was dumb before all the considerations connected with those words. Presently Maud said, "But now you will try to see your father before we go away, will you not, dear Veronica?"

Veronica was agitated. She rose from her chair, and walked quickly about the room. Then she returned to Maud's side, and, bending over her, kissed her forehead.

"Maudie, Maudie, do you think he has any love left in his heart for me?"

"Yes, dear Veronica; I am sure he loves you. Do not let that doubt stand between you."

"No; but I had intended something different. I meant, of course, to see papa. I meant to try to see him later, after I—. I believe it will be best that I should not see him yet."

"Will that be quite right, Veronica?"

"I must act according to my own judgment, and the judgment of those who have a right to advise me."

Maud looked at her in sorrowful surprise. Veronica's tone had changed again to one of haughty coldness. And who were they who had "a right to advise" her?

"I think," said Maud, gently, "that any one would advise you to relieve your father's mind as soon as possible. Think what he has suffered!"

"I will write to papa when he gets to Shipley," returned Veronica, after a pause. "And I believe that will be the best on the sole ground of consideration for him. I do, indeed, Maudie. But now tell me about yourself."

"There is little to tell. My great good news you know already."

"Great good news? No.—Oh, stay. You mean your engagement?"

"What else should I mean?" answered Maud.

while a bright blush came into her pale cheek, and her eyes shone, as she looked at Veronica, with bashful candor.

"Is it really such good news? He is a man of no family, and—"

"Veronica! Do you speak seriously? He comes of honest people, I am glad to say. But if he did not, he is *he*. And that is enough for me."

"You never cared about your own ancestry. But then, Mr. Lockwood is quite poor."

"Not poorer than I am," said Maud. The next instant she feared that the words might be taken as a complaint or a reproach to Veronica, and she added, quickly, "I never expected riches. I always knew that I should be poor. I had no right to look for wealth, and, as you said yourself, I do not covet it."

"No; not wealth, perhaps. But look here, Maudie; I shall come and put myself at your feet as I used to do. I can talk to you better so. It will seem like old times, won't it?"

But the gulf that divided the old times from the new was forcibly brought to Maud's mind by the fact that Lady Gale cautiously fastened the door that led into her bedroom, where her maid was sitting, lest the woman should enter the drawing-room and surprise her mistress in that undignified posture. Further, Maud observed that Veronica, by sitting on a low stool at her feet, was not compelled to meet her eyes, as she had done when they had conversed together before.

Veronica's rich draperies flowed over the dingy carpet as she placed herself on the foot-stool, with her head resting against Maud's knees. Maud timidly touched the glossy coils of hair that lay on her lap. And her pale, pure face shone above them like a white star at twilight.

"Now, Maudie," began Veronica, in a low voice, that had something constrained in its sound, "I don't want to speak of the past year. You got my letter—thanks to little Plew, poor little fellow!—although I did not get your answer. You know the contents of that letter. They expressed my genuine feeling at the time. Beyond having left Shipley without papa's knowledge, I consider that I have nothing to reproach myself with."

Maud gave a little sigh, but said nothing.

The sigh or the silence, or both, annoyed Veronica; for she proceeded, with some irritation of manner: "And I do not intend to be reproached by others. Evil and trouble came truly, but they were none of my making. I was the victim and the sufferer. I was entitled to sympathy, if ever woman was. But throughout I kept one object in view, and I have achieved it. I shall be replaced in my proper position in the world—in a position far loftier, indeed, than any one could have prophesied for me."

All this was inexpressibly painful to Maud. Instead of the trembling gratitude for deliverance from obloquy; instead of the ingenuous confession of her own faults, and the acknowledgment of undeserved good fortune, which she had expected to find in Veronica, there was a hard and hostile tone of mind that must be forever, and by the nature of it, barren of good things. Maud was very young; she had her share of the rashness in judgment that belongs to youth. But, besides that, she had a quality by no means so commonly found in the young—a single-minded candor and simplicity of soul, which led her to accept words at their standard dictionary value. She made allowance for no depreciation of currency, but credited the bank whence such notes were issued with an amount of metal exactly equivalent to that expressed by the symbol.

That Veronica, in speaking as she did, was fighting against conscience, and striving to drown the voice of self-reproach, never occurred to Maud Desmond. She was grieved and disappointed. She dared not trust herself to speak; and it was the strength of her constant, clinging affection that made Veronica's speech so painful.

Veronica continued: "You must not think that I mean to be unmindful of you, Maud, in my prosperity. I know that in a measure I may be said to have deprived you of a fortune, although, had it not been to injure and cut me to the quick, that fortune would never have been bequeathed to you."

"Veronica! I implore you not to speak of that odious money! I had no claim to it in justice, no desire for it. For Heaven's sake let us be silent on that score!"

"No," returned Veronica, raising herself a little on her elbow as she spoke, and looking up at the other girl, with cheeks that revealed a deeper flush beneath the false color that tinged them: "No, Maud, I can not consent to be silent. I have made up my mind that you shall have a handsome dowry. It should have been a really splendid one if all the money had come to me. As it is, I dare say Mr. Lockwood will be—"

Maud put her trembling hand on Veronica's lips. "Oh, pray, pray," she said, "do not speak of it! Dear Veronica, it is impossible! It can never be!"

Veronica removed her arm from Maud's knee, a dark frown knitted her brows for an instant, but almost immediately she said, lightly, as she rose from the floor: "Oh, Maudie, Maudie, what a tragedy face! Don't be childish, Maudie. I say it must be. I shall not speak to you on the subject. Mr. Lockwood will doubtless be more reasonable."

"Do not dream of it! You do not know him."

"I am not in love with him," retorted Veronica, smiling disdainfully; "but that is quite another thing!"

However, she suddenly resolved to say no more on the subject to Maud. She had another scheme in her head. She could not quite forget Hugh's old admiration for herself, and she meant to seek an interview with him. She would do no wrong to Maud, even if Hugh were to put aside for a few moments the perfectness of his allegiance. But—she would like to assert her personal influence. She wished him to bend his stiff-necked pride before the power of her beauty and the charm of her manner. And in so wishing, she declared to herself that her main object was to be generous to Maud, and to give her a marriage portion.

"Maudie, let my maid take your hat and cloak. This room is warm. We must have some tea together," she said, going toward the door of her bedchamber as she spoke.

"No, Veronica, I can not stay. And pray don't call any one. I could take off my hat and cloak myself, if need were."

"You can not stay? Oh, Maud!"

"Hugh will come for me at nine o'clock. And I promised to be ready."

"He is a bit of tyrant, then, your Hugh?"

Maud shook her head and smiled faintly.

"Do you love him very much, white owl?"

The old jesting epithet, coming thus unawares from her lips, touched a chord in Veronica's heart which had hitherto remained dumb. She burst into tears, and running to Maud, put her arms around her, and sobbed upon her neck. Maud was thankful to see those tears; but for some time neither of the girls said a word. Then Maud began to speak of Hugh: to say how good he was, how true, honest, and noble-minded, and how dearly she loved him. And then—still holding Veronica's head against her breast—she spoke of the vicar, of the folks at Shipley, and gave what news she could of all that had passed in her old home since she left it. She tried, with every innocent wile she could think of, to lead Veronica's thoughts back to the days of her childhood and girlhood, that seemed now so far, so very far away.

"I shall never see the old place again, Maudie. Never, never! But, dear white owl, I have something to tell you. I—I—how shall I begin? I found a relation in Naples: a cousin by my mother's side."

"Was she good to you? Did you like her, dear?"

"It isn't my fault, it is the fault of your stupid English language, if I was unable to convey to you at once that my relative is—is cugin*o*, not cugin*a*. Don't look so amazed!"

"I didn't mean to look amazed, dear Veronica."

"Well, this cousin—Cesare his name is—is a Principe de' Barletti. Barletti, you know, was mamma's name. And he is a good fellow, and very fond of me, and—I mean to marry him, by-and-by."

"To marry him?"

"Yes."

"And—and he is good, you say? and you really love him?"

"Oh yes; I—I love him, of course. And he is *devoted* to me. We do not speak of our engagement as yet; because—you do not need to be told why. But I shall assuredly be Princess de' Barletti, Maud."

Maud's mind was in such a chaos of astonishment that she could hardly speak. It all seemed incredible. But she clung to the only hopeful point she could discern, and repeated once more, "He is good, and you do really love him, Veronica?"

"I tell you there is nothing in the world he would not do for me," said Veronica, a little sharply.

Her soft mood was wearing away. Maud did not show herself sufficiently delighted; by no means sufficiently impressed. Astonished she was, truly. But not quite in the right manner.

"And—and is he in Naples now, your cousin?"

"In Naples!" still more sharply. "Certainly not. He is here."

"Oh! I did not know it. I had not heard of it, Veronica."

"I had no other male relative to whom I could look for due protection and support," said Veronica, with some bitterness.

At this moment a servant appeared, saying that Miss Desmond was waited for.

"I must go, dear. Indeed I must," said Maud, springing up. "And I have not said half that I wanted to say to you. I will write. Tell me where I can write to you."

Veronica dismissed the servant, who was lingering near the door, and bade him say that Miss Desmond would come immediately. Then she kissed and embraced Maud, and told her that a letter sent to the care of Mr. Simpson would always find her.

"God bless you, Maudie! Thank you for coming. How you hasten! Ah, this Hugh *is* a tyrant! Can not he be kept waiting for a moment?"

"Good-by, dear Veronica. Think of what I have said about Uncle Charles! If you would but try to see him before we go. God bless you. Good-by!"

Maud drew down her veil to hide her tearful eyes as she went swiftly down the staircase. Veronica stole out after her, and looking over the balusters into the lighted hall, saw Hugh Lockwood standing there; saw Maud run up to him; saw the face of protecting fondness he turned upon the girlish figure at his side; saw the quiet trustful gesture with which she laid her hand upon his arm, and they went away together. And then Veronica Lady Gale turned back into her own room, and throwing herself on her knees beside the chair that Maud had sat in, and burying her hot face in its cushions, yielded herself up to a tearless paroxysm of rage and yearning and regret. And the staid Louise was much surprised next day to find her mistress's delicate cambric handkerchief all torn and jagged—just, she declared, as though some creature had bitten it.

CROSSING BROADWAY.

CROSSING the great thoroughfare of New York in a "jam" is the severest trial to which the nerves of the rural visitor to this metropolis can be subjected. A well-known sea-captain, whose "beard has been shaken in many a tempest," once asserted that he incurred more danger in going across the city to his ship than in doubling Cape Horn. Genuine New Yorkers, however, make nothing of it. They plunge into the moving mass of horses and vehicles, and, by dint of dodging and ducking, make their way across with the utmost *nonchalance*, and without once thinking that in those twenty paces they have run more risks and had more hair-breadth escapes than many a traveler who has gone round the world. But our country cousins take a much more serious view of the case. Like the pilgrims in the hymn-book, they stand trembling on the brink of the living river that flows, in two unceasing currents, up and down Broadway, waiting for some guardian angel, in the guise of a stalwart policeman, to come and pilot them over. If young and pretty, ladies have not long to wait. It is really astonishing what a quick eye a member of the "Broadway squad" has for a pretty and well-dressed young lady who wants his services; and how quickly the magic baton opens a safe passage for her across the street.

Our illustration on page 168 is a scene from life, and such a one as may be witnessed every day in Broadway. The characteristic gallantry of the policeman who escorts the two elegant young ladies across the street, leaving the old lady to get across as best she may, and pick up her bundles if she can, the calm remonstrance in the face of the substantial old Quaker, the glee of the disreputable street-boy at the old lady's fright, are admirably depicted by our artist.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

AMONG the curious celebrations of the present day may be reckoned that which was inaugurated by the friends and admirers of Miss Susan B. Anthony on the occasion of the fiftieth birthday of that public-spirited lady. The members of the Women's Bureau took charge of the affair, and a goodly number of illustrious guests assembled at their rooms in Twenty-third Street at the appointed hour of the auspicious day. Social intercourse, and a lively admiration of the gifts presented to Miss Anthony, were first on the programme. Then a sparkling poem by Miss Phœbe Cary was read. Afterward came various good things in prose and verse. Miss Anthony being loudly "called for," responded in a characteristic little speech. Intellectual treats being over, the evening terminated appropriately by what is usually considered the more "substantial" entertainment.

A lady once asked Mr. Wesley, "Supposing that you *knew* that you would die at twelve o'clock to-morrow night, how would you spend the intervening time?"

"How, madam?" he replied; "why just as I intend to spend it now. I should preach in the evening at Gloucester, and again at five to-morrow morning; after that I should ride to Tewksbury, preach in the afternoon, and meet the societies in the evening. I should then repair to friend Martin's house, who expects to entertain me, converse and pray with the family as usual, retire to my room at ten o'clock, commend myself to my Heavenly Father, lie down to rest, and wake up in glory." How few there are who so live that they could answer such a question in a similar spirit!

Among the Sandwich Mountains, New Hampshire, there is a deep glen, thickly covered with hemlock, spruce, fir, and other evergreen trees, upon whose tops the snow lodges, shutting out the fierce northern winds, as well as the light of day. This secluded spot has been found to be the winter residence of thousands of New England robins, who prefer somewhat restricted quarters at home to southern migration.

Carefully-prepared government vouchers are now being sent to pensioners by the United States Pension Agents, to enable each one to collect his own pension easily. On the receipt of the voucher, the pensioner has only to sign it according to directions, and return by mail to the agent, when a check on the United States Treasury is immediately returned. No attorney expenditures are necessary.

During the year 1869, 2799 men failed in business in the United States. These were mainly merchants, many of them the victims of circumstances not within their control. Yet a lesson may be learned from this statement: Live always within your income!

Probably there are not five hundred women in Wyoming, so that the recent bill giving women the right of suffrage in that Territory can not afford any true illustration of the results of such a law were it widely extended. But in Utah there are, perhaps, eighty thousand women, of whom twenty-five thousand, probably, would be qualified to vote; so that they might easily change the character of any election, if they chose.

Daniel Drew, the founder of Drew Theological Seminary, at Madison, New Jersey, proposes to enlarge the basis of that institution so as to make it a complete university. He has already expended half a million of dollars upon the Theological Department, and it is estimated that a million more will be necessary to successfully establish the literary department. If this enterprise is completed as is contemplated, the Methodist denomination will have a first-class university, the gift of one man.

Rev. Dr. Osgood, who has recently returned from Europe, gives some interesting statements regarding the expense of transit from point to point in the cities of Europe. In Rome you can ride any where in the city with a friend a single course for sixteen cents. In London you can have a cab for a mile for twenty-five cents, and for greater distances at reduced rates. In Berlin a cab for twenty minutes costs twelve cents, and for half an hour seventeen cents; luggage, twelve cents additional. In Paris a good vehicle, with two seats, is forty-five cents an hour by day, and sixty cents at night, with a few cents extra charge for baggage, and about ten per cent. less if you take the vehicle in the public street, instead of ordering it at the stable. In Switzerland you can have a man and horse, or mule, a day for two dollars or two and a half, even in places where travelers are numerous; and in Germany seventy cents, or a German dollar, is thought fair pay for an intelligent guide in the city or country. In Venice, Florence, and Rome, a dollar secures a well-informed guide. Why can not New York have similar convenient and economical arrangements both for strangers and for citizens?

Teach children to love the beautiful. Let them cultivate flowers in garden or house; allow them to have pretty pictures, and to decorate their rooms after their childish fancies; point out the fine sunrise or sunset, the beautiful lake, mountain, or meadow. Children are easily impressed, and a love of the beautiful in them will make *them* unconsciously more lovable and beautiful.

Madame De Catacazy, wife of the Russian Embassador, is reported to be a woman of remarkable beauty. Her complexion is wonderfully clear, her form "perfect," and her manners courtly and elegant. But her crowning beauty is her wealth of golden hair, which all admit to be natural in color and quantity, and which is of that rare shade about which poets and painters rave.

Napoleon III. visited Bordeaux about seventeen years ago, at which time he was received by the Préfet of the Department, a tall, powerfully-built man, beside whom the Emperor himself made but an insignificant personal appearance. Side by side they drove through the city. "Préfet," said Napoleon, "the citizens seem to regard their Préfet, and forget their Emperor." "Sire," was the courtly reply, "when a regiment is marching, the crowd is always struck with the drum-major; but it is not to be concluded they forget the general in command." This Préfet afterward became Baron Haussmann.

Not long ago a newly-married couple from the country established themselves at a fashionable hotel in one of our Western cities, for the purpose of "seeing the sights." The lady was young and pretty, the husband honest and verdant. The pair had been in the hotel some twenty-four hours, when the bridegroom walked up to the clerk and remarked: "That's my wife that stops in the room with me."

"Yes, I suppose so," was the bland reply of the clerk.

"Well, I thought I'd mention it," continued the man, "so you wouldn't think it strange in my complaining. I never like to find fault, you know; but we're kind of bothered. We've only been here since yesterday, and my wife has been invited to go to ride three times, and to go to the minstrels' shows likewise; and just now a sleek-looking chap knocked at the door and wanted to know if she was alone, and another actually inquired if that 'countryman she had on the string had gone.' I've no doubt these young men mean well enough, but they are too dogoned polite for me."

The poor fellow was assured that the "well-meaning" young men should not annoy him any further with their politeness, and he retired apparently much gratified.

Horse-meat has been used for food in Prussia for a year and a half, and it has been decided that it is wholesome. It sells for about half the price of beef and mutton. It may be merely a matter of taste, but we fancy many will continue to patronize the beef and mutton.

Madame Emile Ollivier is twenty years old, but does not appear to be more than sixteen. She recently dined at the Tuileries, and was induced in the course of conversation to relate to the Emperor the history of her marriage. It seems that for several years M. Emile Ollivier has gone to the same waters, in the Vosges, to which her family frequently resorted. The name of the celebrated deputy made some impression on the young girl, but he did not seem to think of her. For the first year he treated her as a child; in the second year it appeared as if she had grown a little; and in the third year she had attained "to the stature of his heart," and the marriage took place.

Water-proof dress goods will doubtless soon be made beautiful as well as useful. By a German invention the ordinary dull shades can be supplanted by cloths of bright colors. To effect this the fabrics are first sized with albumen, which is brushed over one side, so as to form, when dried, a proper surface for taking the colors, the succeeding processes being those of ordinary dyeing.

Liszt has a young protégé at Rome, a boy pianist, of whom Liszt predicts great things. He is the son of an Italian literary man, of some local reputation.

A singular incident is mentioned in a German newspaper as having occurred at a marriage service before the civil authorities in Algeria. The consent of the mother of the bride was required, and the official asked if she were present. A loud bass voice answered "Yes." The mayor looked up and saw a tall soldier before him. "That is well," he said; "let the mother come here—her consent and signature are necessary." To the astonishment of all present, the soldier approached the mayor with long strides, saluted in military fashion, and said, "You ask for the mother of the bride; she stands before you." "Very well, Sir," replied the mayor; "then stand back. I can take no proxy; I must see the mother—the mother, I tell you!" "And I repeat," rejoined the soldier, "that she stands before you. My name is Maria L——; I have been thirty-six years in the service; I have been through several campaigns, and obtained the rank of sergeant; here are my papers, the permission to wear uniform, and my nomination as sergeant-major." The mayor carefully examined the documents, and found them perfectly correct, and completed the marriage of the bridal pair, the mother blessing them so fervently with her deep bass voice that all present were more startled than touched.

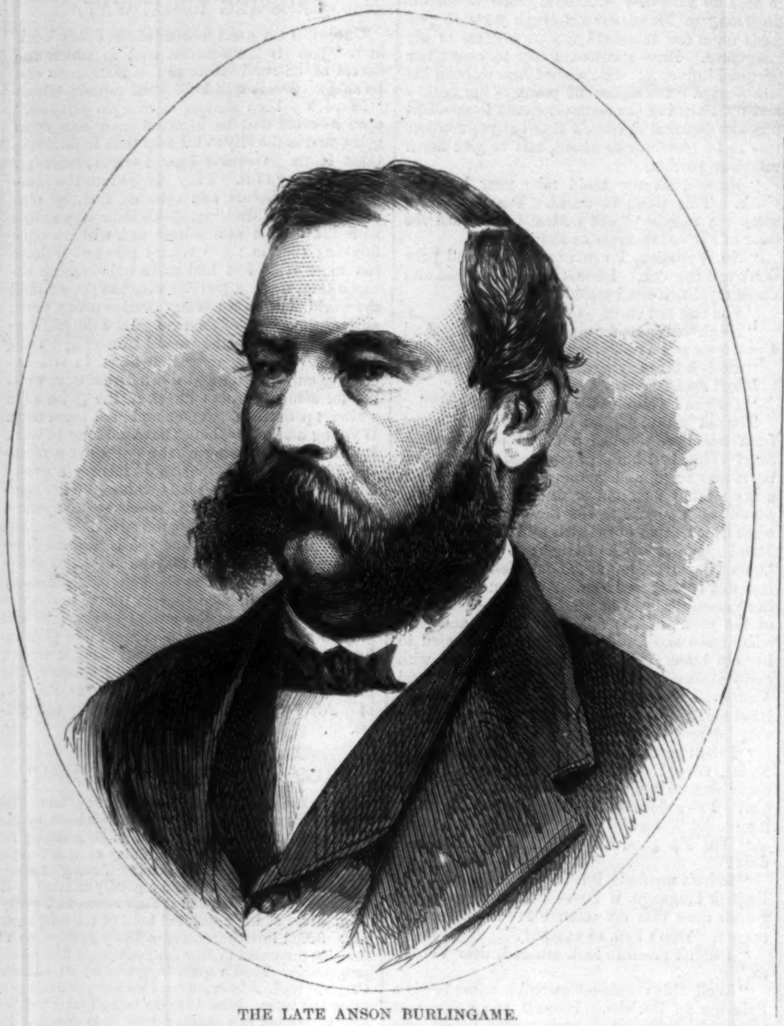
Professor Halford, of the University of Melbourne, Australia, has found an antidote for snake poison, which has proved successful in the most critical cases. It is simply liquid ammonia injected into the veins. A small syringe with a sharp point, for the purpose of making the injection, is manufactured and sold in Melbourne, and now few travel in the country without one. Some time ago the Professor, in making experiments, allowed himself to be bitten by a snake, and nearly lost his life, because he was unable to counteract the effects of the poison. He has, however, persevered in his experiments, and now is rewarded with success.

THE LATE ANSON BURLINGAME.

We give on this page the portrait of Mr. Anson Burlingame, Chinese Envoy to the United States and the European Powers, who died at St. Petersburg, Russia, on the 23d of February, after an illness of only four days. He was born in New Berlin, Chenango County, New York, November 14, 1822, and at the time of his death was in the forty-eighth year of his age. His youth was chiefly spent on the Western frontier. At one time he was actively engaged with surveying parties, and at another participating in the making of Indian treaties far beyond the confines of civilization. He laid the foundation of his education at the Branch University of Michigan; but, removing to Massachusetts, he entered Harvard University, where he received a degree in 1846. He afterward studied and practiced law in Boston, and married the daughter of Isaac Livermore, of Cambridge. In 1852 he was elected to the State Senate, and was a member of the Convention for revising the Constitution of Massachusetts. He was elected in 1854 a Representative in the XXXIVth Congress, re-elected to the XXXVth and XXXVIth, serving therein on the Committee of Foreign Affairs. In 1861 he was appointed by President Lincoln Minister to Austria, and subsequently to China. The latter position he held until 1867, when he accepted a diplomatic appointment from China to the United States and the European Powers.

Mr. Burlingame first acquired a national reputation in 1856, when his scathing denunciation of Preston S. Brooks for the perpetration of the assault upon Senator Sumner drew forth a challenge from Brooks, which he promptly accepted, proposing to go to Canada and fight it out over the border with rifles. Mr. Brooks refused to accept these conditions, on the plea that he apprehended violence in making the trip through the Northern States; and both parties were arrested by the authorities. The affair created great excitement at the time, and Mr. Burlingame was the hero of the hour at the North.

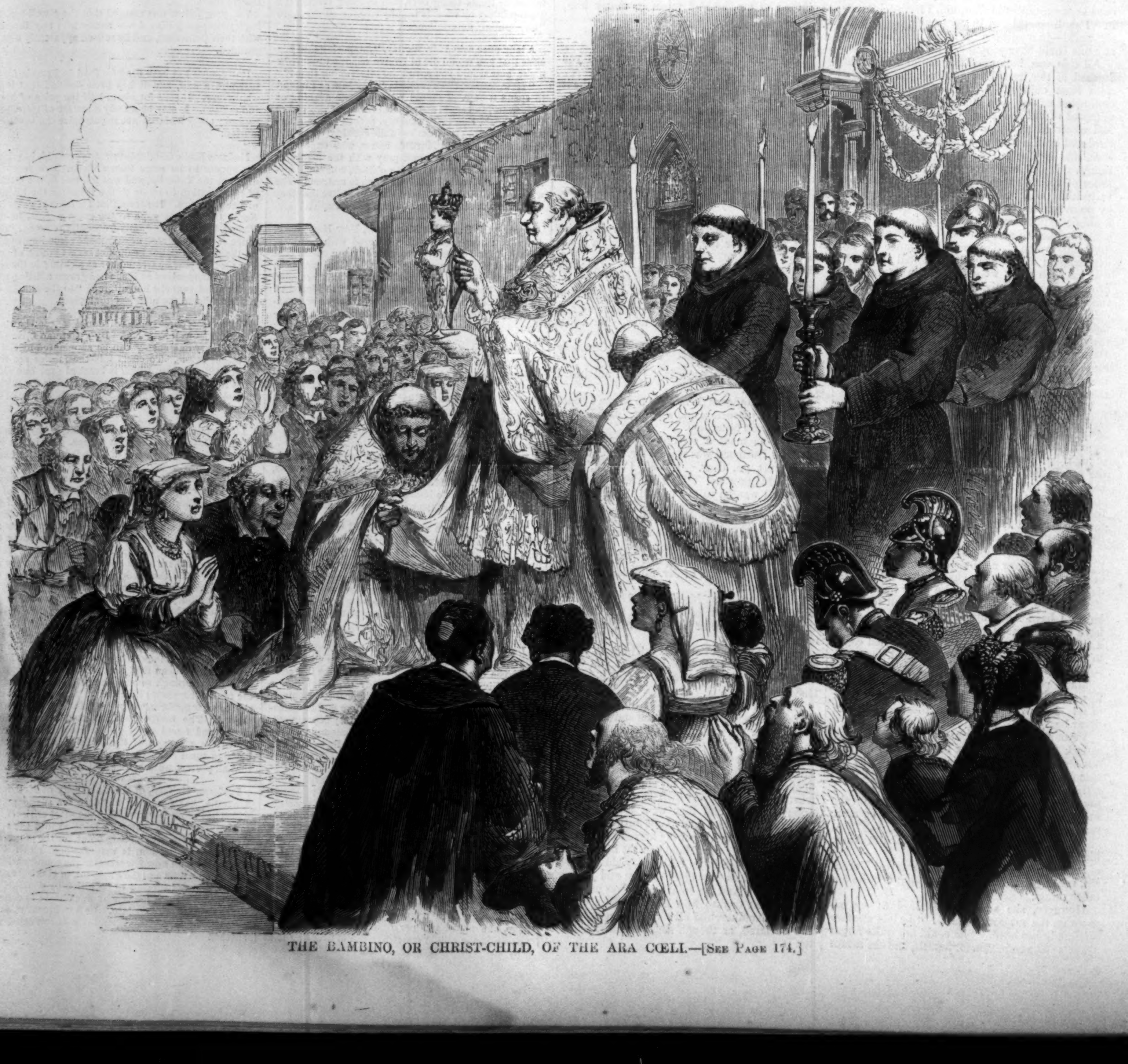
Toward the close of the year 1867 Mr. Burlingame undertook a mission from China to the rest of the civilized world; and in March of the following year he arrived in this country with the Chinese embassy, and was every where enthusiastically received. Here he negotiated additional articles to the treaty of 1858 between the United States and China; and in the autumn of the same year he went with the embassy to Europe. He and his associates were at first received with a great deal of ridicule by the English press, as having no definite mission to perform; but he succeeded in establishing a much more friendly understanding between the two governments of Britain and China than previously existed; and before his departure from England the tone of hostile criticism was exchanged for that of warm eulogy and appreciation. Subsequently the mission visited France and Prussia, and a short time since went to St. Petersburg. There Mr. Burlingame took a severe cold, which settled into congestion of the lungs, and resulted in his death. His decease is undoubtedly a serious loss, not to China alone, but to other countries with whom he was bringing that vast empire into close relations.



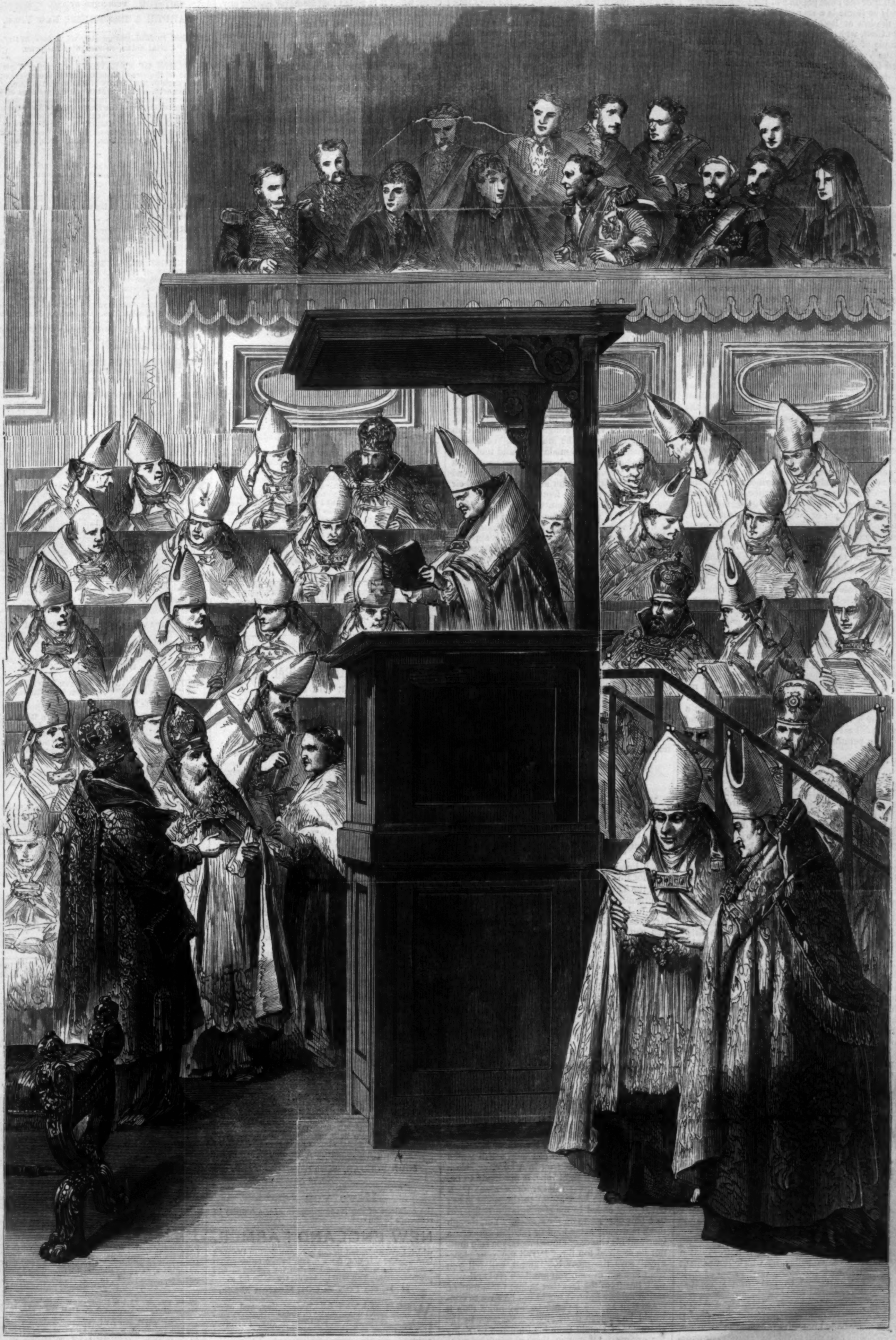
THE LATE ANSON BURLINGAME.

READING THE COUNCIL DECREES.

Our illustration on page 173 represents the Secretary of the Œcumenical Council in the act of formally reading out the decrees of the Council at a plenary session in the Council Hall. This hall is situated in the north transept of St. Peter's Cathedral, having an altar erected at one end of it, and a throne for the Pope at the other end. Another and lower seat for the Pope, to be occupied by him during his attendance with the Council at mass, is placed a little in front of the altar. This seat is partly shown to the left hand in our engraving, which looks directly across the hall, toward the benches of the bishops and toward the gallery of the foreign embassadors and ladies, immediately above the bishops, so that the altar, farther to the right hand, is not seen from this point of view, within the compass of the artist's sketch. The most conspicuous object here at this moment is a portable wooden pulpit, which is brought into the Council Hall upon certain occasions, for the solemn promulgation of its transactions. The Pope, though not visible in our engraving, must be supposed to be present on his throne, far to the left hand, and the Secretary of the Council turns his face toward the Pope while reading the decrees. All the prelates of the Council wear their mitres upon this occasion, being in the exercise of their deliberative and legislative authority; but their mitres are laid aside, of course, when engaged in religious worship. The splendidly-attired Church dignitary to the left, with a gorgeous stole hanging over his shoulders in front and behind, and with an expanding, dome-shaped head-dress, surmounted by a jeweled cross, is one of the Oriental bishops.



THE BAMBINO, OR CHRIST-CHILD, OF THE ARA CŒLI.—[See Page 174.]



THE ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL.—READING THE DECREES.—[See Page 172.]

THE BAMBINO OF THE ARA CŒLI.

One of the most popular of the Christmas festivals at Rome is a representation of the interior of the inn at Bethlehem in the church of the Ara Cœli, which stands on the site of the ancient temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, and is dedicated to the Virgin. Its repute is owing to a very sacred image of the infant Saviour which belongs to the church. This is placed upon the lap of the Mother, amidst a group of other figures, in a small chapel which is kept for this representation, and is only opened at Christmas. The figures are as large as life. The shepherds are standing round in attitudes of adoration; there is a donkey and a cow, to give the scene the aspect of a stable; and beyond is a distant view, with small figures, and the towers and houses of the town. In the upper part there are clouds, formed of painted canvas, with the heavenly choir singing and performing on instruments, and a figure of the Deity high above all. There is a curious custom in this church which lasts till the Epiphany, and which brings a crowd of people every day. A stage is erected in front of the representation of the Divine advent, and a number of children, principally little girls, appear and recite various pieces. Some are a kind of sermon, others are in the form of an address to the Infant; some are orations of praise, others are dialogues, in which two children are on the stage reciting at once; and there are some of these performances which may be called dramas, and which are supposed to be a sort of remnant of the old mysteries, or sacred plays. The children seem to do this with great ease and confidence, as if they were quite used to it, and in some cases the performance is very beautiful, so that murmurs of applause are heard when any one has done well. On the Epiphany, which is the last day, three new figures are introduced into the group at Bethlehem. These are the three kings from the East; and a star is placed over the group, to tell that it was by its guidance they found out the sacred spot. Being a holyday the crowd increases; the candidates for the platform are many; and sometimes there is a second platform with a second set of performers. The whole ceremony closes with a grand procession of priests and Franciscan monks, to whom belong the church and the bambino, or image of the infant Christ. The sacred image is brought out to the front of the church, and is held up to bless the people, as shown in our illustration on page 172. The church is on the highest point of the Capitol, and has a very long stair of 124 marble steps. These steps were covered with a dense mass of people; the street below and the way up to the Capitol were also filled with the crowd. The windows of the houses were filled with spectators, colored drapery was hung out for the festa, and over all this on the top of the great stair the bambino was held up. This festival is called "the Presepe." The image itself is covered with the costly jewelry which it has received at times for cures which it performs; for it is taken out to sick persons, and it has a larger practice, and receives more fees, than the best doctor in Rome. The tradition is that a pilgrim carved it from a piece of a tree from the Mount of Olives, and that he fell asleep, and that St. Luke finished his work by painting it.

TWO NATIONAL SONGS.

The English national anthem of God Save the Queen—which was first publicly heard in 1745, after the defeat of Prince Charles on the fatal field of Culloden—was originally a Jacobite song, which it was dangerous to sing within hearing of the authorities. When the Jacobites spoke or sang of "the king," they meant "the king over the water;" and the words still sung, "*Send* him victorious," imply clearly that the king intended was not the one who was already in England, but the one far away, to whom the singers were loyal in his evil fortunes. A great deal of controversy has arisen as to the authorship alike of the words and music; but no satisfactory clew has been discovered for the elucidation of either mystery. If a prize had been offered for a national anthem, expressive of patriotic as well as dynastic loyalty, no competent critics would have awarded it to the author of the words, whomsoever he may have been. Yet this song, which grew rather than was made, is the richest literary jewel in the British crown, and may fairly claim to have been of more value to the House of Hanover than any standing army.

God save the King, as originally sung at Drury Lane Theatre, shortly after the news arrived in London that the last hopes of the young Pretender had been crushed at Culloden, consisted of nine stanzas, or six in addition to the three which are now familiar to all of us. These three are the genuine Jacobite song, without the alteration of a word. The remaining six were strictly Hanoverian and Whiggish, and have long since gone to the limbo that is reserved for all literary rubbish. A specimen verse will suffice to show alike its quality and its temporary purpose:

> "Confound tall Jemmy's plot,
> Pope, French, and Spanish knot,
> Confound them all:
> Villains notorious,
> Their fears inglorious,
> Never shall conquer us,
> Confound them all."

It was a fortunate accident, if it were not a profound piece of policy, by which the present royal house took possession of the song of their enemies, and turned to their own glory that which was intended for their shame.

The origin of Yankee Doodle is about as mysterious. Nobody knows its authorship, but almost every body knows its value to the American people, and how well the air expresses their buoyant and aggressive spirit of nationality. The words, "Yankee Doodle" or "Dawdle," according to some etymologists, seem to have been originally employed as a term of contempt by the English toward the Americans, in the days immediately preceding the Great Revolution, which culminated in the independence of the United States. Others, again, claim that the words are a corruption of an old Irish song, called "Nunkie," or Uncle Doodle, written in derision of Oliver Cromwell, when he was carrying fire and sword through that unhappy country; while a third set of men, claiming to be learned in derivations, assert, on the authority of O'Brien, the historian of the Round Towers of Ireland, that Yankee Doodle is a perversion of two Persian words, "Yanki Dooniah," signifying the "New World." It seems, on the authority of the late Mr. T. Moncrieff, the author of "Tom and Jerry," and countless other farces and plays, who made it his pleasure in the closing years of his life, when afflicted with blindness, to investigate the history and origin of old tunes, that the air was composed for the drum and fife, about the middle of the eighteenth century, by the fife-major of the Grenadier Guards. The air was not intended for a song, but for a march, and it was long after it had become familiar to the ears of the people in towns where British regiments were stationed that words became associated with it. "Probably," says Mr. Moncrieff, "the first person who brought about the alliance between the air and the rhymes was a nurse-maid—fond of military display, as the nurse-maids of a hundred and twenty years ago were as well as those of our own day."

> "Yankee Doodle came to town
> On a Kentish pony,
> He stuck a feather in his hat
> And called him Maccaroni."

The word "Maccaroni" in this well-known nursery ditty suggests the period of the composition to have been between 1750 and 1770, or thereabouts, when, according to Grose, in his "Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue," there was a club in London called "The Maccaroni," composed of gentlemen who had made the grand tour, and were fond of Italian cookery. These gentlemen were the "swells" of the period, and prided themselves on the fashion and elegance of their dress. Hence a person foppishly dressed and in the extreme of the fashion was called a "Maccaroni." The story of the adoption of the air by the Americans has been told in various ways. The British soldiers in America had, it appears, a song to this tune during the war of Independence, of which the following stanzas—very poor doggerel indeed—are specimens:

> "There was Captain Washington,
> Upon a slapping stallion,
> A-giving orders to his men,
> I guess there was a million.
>
> "And then the feathers in his cap,
> They looked so tarnal fine-a;
> I wanted peskily to get
> And give 'em to Jemima."

When the British troops under the Marquis of Cornwallis were defeated by the Americans, and on their surrender were allowed to retire through the American lines, with their arms reversed, the Americans, in unconscious imitation of the tactics of the House of Hanover, borrowed a tune from their foes, and struck up Yankee Doodle, as a taunt in the hour of victory; and made it national, then and for evermore.

AMUSEMENTS.

What is amusement? Rothschild said to Fowell Buxton, "I advise you to give a beggar a guinea sometimes—it is very amusing." The navigator, when asked why he allowed his wife to beat him, answered, "It amuses her and doesn't hurt me." Thackeray heads the chapter in which Pendennis makes Pendennis-love to poor, affectionate Fanny, "Monseigneur s'amuse." Ivan the Terrible found it amusing to go and see his prisoners tortured before breakfast. Spinoza used to laugh till he cried at spiders fighting. Mr. Freeman is surprised that cultivated gentlemen can be amused with hunting the fox, and Mr. Trollope is surprised at Mr. Freeman's wonder. Froissart, long ago, was puzzled to observe that the English amused themselves "moult tristement." The Oriental satrap was astonished that Westerns should find the dance amusing, and observed that he kept slaves to do his dancing. Some think it an amusement to sit for hours "puffing smoke from vacancy into vacancy." Nothing is more amusing to the vulgar than to see a pig-faced lady or a two-headed baby, or a horrible contortionist—

> "Dreadful, with his head appearing
> In the middle of his thighs"—

a sight which makes cultivated people in general sick, if only with its utter irrationality: why should a man stick his head between his thighs? It is not to the purpose to ask, What does it prove? but still every thing of the kind ought to have some sort of sense in it; and it is safe to affirm that the man who can with relish watch another man tie himself up in a knot, or ride a velocipede along a tight rope, is not likely to be, for example, a great thinker or a great poet. Mr. Carlyle, we know, went to the opera once; but it only ended in his comparing a ballet girl to a pair of scissors on the stretch. Yet, though there is usually some kind of relation between a man and his choice of amusements, the rule must not be strained too far. "Tell me your pleasures," says the proverb, "and I will tell you what manner of man you are." This is all very well, but from the fact that Spinoza was fond of seeing spiders fight, it would not be easy to conclude that he was a pantheist, any more than it would be easy to draw any inference as to the character of Dando from his immense partiality for oysters. Of course, there are inferences to be drawn in some cases. For example, we may infer that Paley must have been either a very stupid or a very meditative man, when we learn that he was passionately fond of angling—especially when it is added that he never caught any thing. But meditativeness does not come to much—the question is, What do you meditate upon? Milton was a meditative man, but we have no proof that he ever went fishing. Again, Paley was fond of cards; and what does *that* lead up to? It is as irrelevant as the fact that he used to go without stockings. Nor must it be forgotten that there are heaps of people who never have any amusements. Adam Smith was fond of nibbling lump-sugar on the sly; but that was hardly what you call an amusement, and, if it was, it had nothing to do with the "Wealth of Nations." We may safely infer that a man who is fond of athletic and open-air amusements is, on the whole, healthy; that a man who is fond of artistic amusements has a fine temperament; and that a man who is fond of chess is capable of much mental concentration; but human nature is so full of cranks and crazes and small anomalies, that it is only within a limited range of relations that conclusions of this kind can be drawn.

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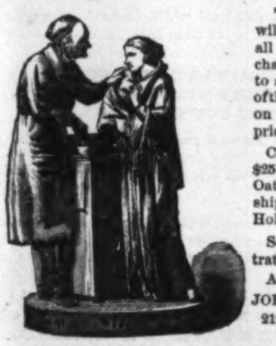

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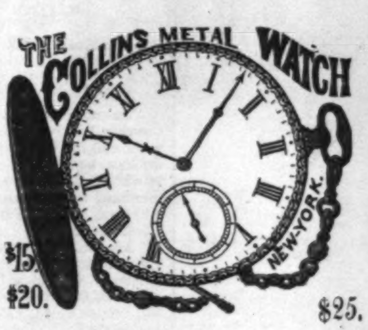

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